

## C N CALLING

One ploughs,  
Another sows :  
Who will reap  
No man knows

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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MILLIONS OF  
METHODISTS  
KEEP THEIR  
200th BIRTHDAY

See page 10

## RAIN, RAIN, COME AGAIN

### Water on a Thirsty Land THE LONG DROUGHT BROKEN

USUALLY about 3000 tons of rain fall on every English acre every year, and for Scotland and Wales about 5000 tons. The rainfall for England alone is a hundred thousand million tons a year, an inconceivable quantity of water rising mostly from the sea into the sky and falling down again.

This year is nearly half spent, and the rain has been less than often falls in a single month.

When the rain came people went bareheaded into their gardens to see it. They had never seen a lovelier sight.

#### The Earth Rejoices

The flowers lifted up their heads in thankfulness for it, and beyond the flowering borders the fields and orchards could almost be heard rejoicing. The little hills must have clapped their hands. Even the voices of the farmers were uplifted in praise, though farmers have few good words for the weather. This time they saw in it the promise that their acres would bring forth the kindly fruits of the Earth in due season.

Few are the seasons when they fail, for every drought comes to an end, and in this happy land of England the rain falls in very nearly the same quantity every year, though some places receive much more than others, and the months seldom have the same quantity for many years together.

There are droughty Februaries and golden Octobers to belie their reputation as rainy months, and rainy Junes and flaming Junes to defy tradition. But when considerable districts are taken together, like the south-east corner of England, the year's allowance comes always to much the same.

#### Sunspots and the Weather

Dry years and wet years usually follow in some order of succession that the weather men, however learned and industrious, cannot account for, still less predict. Many attempts have been made to draw up a returning cycle of years in which periods of wet years and dry years follow one another. One such cycle connected rainy years with sunspots. The sunspots increase in quantity and then decrease over a period of eleven years, and still more certainly over a 27-year period. It was thought that when the sunspots were biggest and more numerous the rainfall might follow in their wake; but the connection often breaks down.

The British Isles are one of the most difficult regions of the Earth

for the weather prophet, chiefly because we are "betwixt and between." Most of our weather, by which we usually mean rainfall, comes from the Atlantic. The British Isles are part of the Atlantic weather system, but tacked on to them on their eastern side is the continental weather system of Europe, often stepping in for no known reason to upset the Atlantic influence. Usually, as this year, it furnishes east wind and dryness; but it can supply east wind rain as well.

Then there is the Arctic influence. April (and even May) gave us an example of it; but the Arctic usually plays the part of putting its foot down on the rainy gifts raised from the Atlantic by the Sun, and carried on the ocean winds. These rainy gifts travel towards us in areas where the barometer is low, but these "lows," before they reach our islands, may sheer off in one of the thirteen ways of their progress. They may take the rain to north or south of us, or they may peter away to nothingness, dropping all their gifts back into the salt waters.

#### The Atlantic Currents

In this 20th century our British weather, instead of being patchy, seems to have got into the habit of repeating itself day after day, and the reason for this is mysterious.

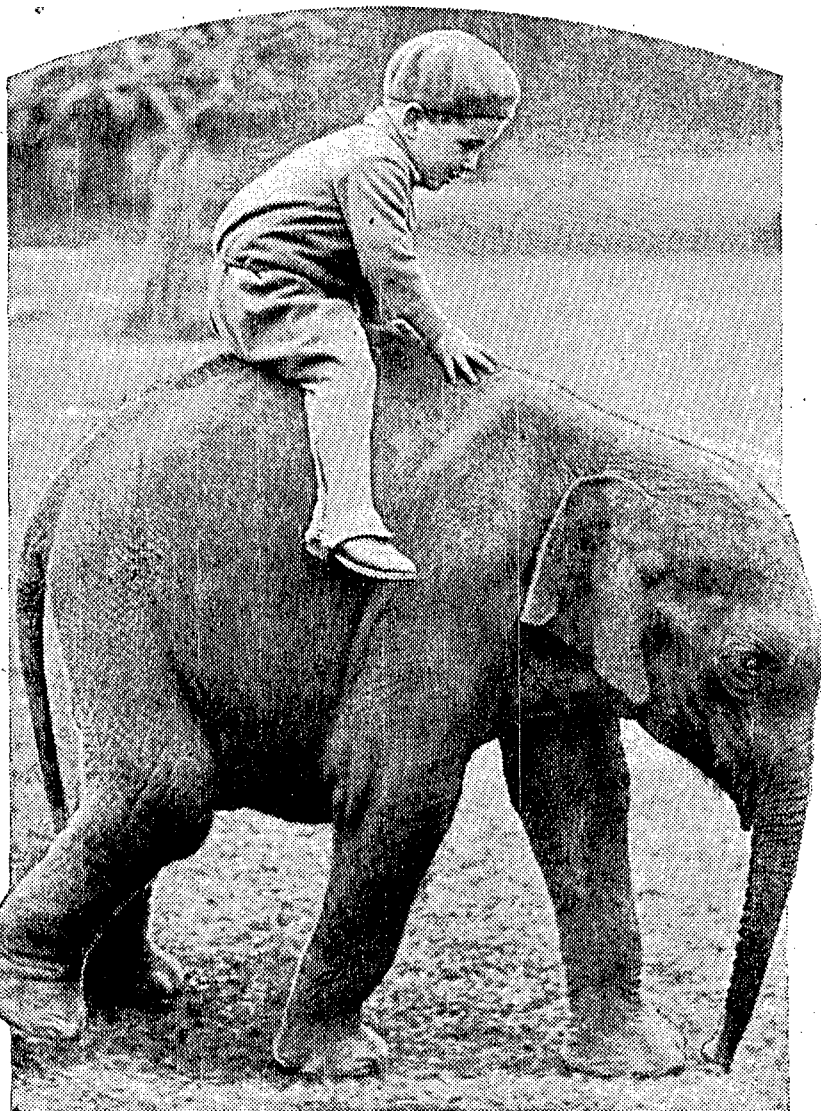
At one time hopes were raised that by watching the approach of the cold Arctic current from Labrador, when and where it flows into the warmer waters of the Atlantic, an understanding might be arrived at about the paths of the rain-bearing areas after they leave the coast of Newfoundland, but the hopes have been disappointed, and a new attempt is now being made on both sides of the Atlantic to ascertain the yearly fluctuation in the quantity and direction of the warmer water coming out of the Gulf Stream.

It is now being said that this is not a stream, and does not greatly influence the weather either of the British Isles or of Northern Europe, and that the winds that bring the rain are more likely to divert the Gulf Stream than to be diverted by its uprising warmth. What does seem certain is that the winds blowing far above the Earth as well as near the surface are the real rain-bearers.

By their paths they can make the land dry, or give these islands the rain (100 tons to the acre for every inch that falls) which it must have.

Whatever happens, it is as sure as the rainbow in the heavens that, year in and year out, neither rain nor sunshine will fail us.

## Three-Year-Old on One-Year-Old



The three-year-old son of a keeper at Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake's Zoo at Maidstone takes a ride on a one-year-old elephant from Burma

## The Tragedy of a Little Dark Gentleman

*Peace hath her sacrifices, not less pitiful than War.*

LIVING among us in these hard days, settling down in the quiet and romantic town of Bath, is one who, in words he applied to his lost kingdom of Ethiopia, is a living image of violated right. He is of course the Emperor Haile Selassie.

It is recorded that this frail and kingly little gentleman, when his last plea for vindication of his helpless right had fallen on ears prudently deaf to it, walked from the Court of Appeal of the nations in silence, without a backward glance. His dignity, wrapped about him like a mantle, was all that was left of the sovereignty torn from him by violence. There was nothing he could say, but history will say that his appearance and bearing were those of a ghost from a

Past when a wrong inflicted by one people on another could awaken among nations a moral indignation expressing itself in something stronger than words.

When the doors closed behind the Emperor they closed on an era that has passed away. It was an era in which the rights of small nations were something more than a phrase; an era when strong nations would not stand by to see the weak left desolate and oppressed; a day when the voice of a righteous man could make itself heard throughout the world on behalf of them. It was a day when slowly Right seemed to be asserting itself against Might. That day began to vanish with the tearing-up of treaties as scraps of paper; it has gone utterly now, when few appear to think

Continued on page 2



## A FIGHTING MAN GOES BACK

### Three Cheers in New Zealand

Although there are a few thoughtless people still trying to keep alive feelings of bitterness between nations, we are glad to be able to record one more instance of goodwill.

It happened in Christchurch, New Zealand. The Christchurch Returned Soldiers Association, composed mostly of New Zealanders who fought for the Motherland, were having their annual reunion, and an unexpected visitor was Count Felix von Luckner, who, as a German naval officer, was a prisoner in New Zealand during the war years.

Count von Luckner has been visiting New Zealand on a world tour in his yacht. Perhaps he may have wondered what kind of a reception he would have from a hall full of the men he met as an enemy twenty years ago, but the men soon set his mind at rest. He was immediately surrounded by friends, eager to obtain his autograph, which he readily gave, and his toast was proposed by the president of the Returned Soldiers. In reply the Count appealed for close cooperation between the British Empire and Germany.

Those hundreds of New Zealanders of middle-age, who had been through the terrible years of war when they were young men, greeted their German visitor with warm cheers, and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" as if they meant every word of it.

## VAST ROAD PLAN

### Thirty Years Ahead

At last there has been published the Report on the vast scheme for improving the roads in and round Greater London devised by Sir Charles Bressey and published by the Stationery Office.

In a book of 40,000 words the author has set out the needs of London's traffic for the next 30 years, and planned a road system like an enormous spider's web extending over nearly 2000 square miles. There would be road tunnels and viaducts in the built-up area of London and wide avenues through the open spaces around it.

We shall be dealing with the many interesting features of this great scheme in due course.

## Changes in the Cabinet

Last week's Cabinet changes leave Mr Malcolm MacDonald still the youngest member. He is 37, and is back at his old office, as Colonial Secretary.

He is one of the men whose reputation is rising rapidly, thanks largely to his achievement as Dominions Secretary of the Agreement with Ireland.

Sir Kingsley Wood passes from the Health Office to the Air Ministry, and is now responsible for the Air, with Captain Harold Balfour as Under-Secretary; Lord Swinton has resigned. Lord Harlech (Mr Ormsby-Gore) has also resigned on succeeding his father in the peerage. Mr Walter Elliot, who was Secretary for Scotland, is now Minister of Health, and the new Secretary for Scotland is Colonel John Colville. The Dominions Secretary is Lord Stanley.

## 38 Towns and Villages

### See the King

The tour of the King and Queen through industrial Lancashire covered places which had not had the opportunity of cheering a king in our time.

It is said, indeed, that not for many generations have some of these places seen the ruling monarch. Last week's tour was planned to touch 38 towns and villages, with welcomes from choirs, schools, workers, and disabled men.

## Tragedy of a Little Dark Gentleman

Continued from page 1

that a nation, like a gentleman, should keep its word.

This is the day of Might, and when Might cannot be met by Might expediency must take its place. We think there is no nation in the world which does not feel sorry for Haile Selassie. In our own country the sympathy is deepened by the bitter thought that he depended on us to help him, and that we failed him. If there is any redeeming thought with which to console ourselves for the failure, it is that in the beginning we refused to compromise with the forces arrayed against him, and in a glow of indignation which found expression in the House of Commons we rejected the half-measures proposed by M. Laval on behalf of France and by Sir Samuel Hoare on behalf of our own Government.

Having done so, and Sir Samuel Hoare having resigned his position as Foreign Secretary in consequence, we then took the step of endeavouring to array the other nations of the world against the invasion of Abyssinia by joining ourselves and them in a policy of cutting off supplies. The policy failed. It failed to arrest the invader. It succeeded only in rousing his defiance of our efforts and in an unconcealed determination on his part to yield to nothing but brute force.

### The Plain Issue

That was the plain issue before Abyssinia was conquered and Haile Selassie ejected from his throne; and it is the plain issue now. Fight or give way. Fight or take back your fine words. Fight or sacrifice your principles as well as your promises.

Yet there is more in it than that. Twenty-four years ago an archduke was murdered and the whole world was plunged into a war that killed and maimed millions of men and brought desolation to millions of families. Who is the statesman willing to contemplate the recurrence of that ghastly crime, if by any means in his power, by any sacrifice, he can prevent it?

That is the best and the most we can say about the peace that Great Britain is trying to preserve. It is a peace which, whatever wrong it may involve, will perhaps prevent a wrong incomparably greater.

If British statesmen feel compelled to secure peace at any price in these days, he would be a reckless man who would throw the first stone at them. The peace secured may be neither lasting nor the peace we hoped for, but it is the best to be had; and nothing is left except to pray for a day when we may again have power to insist on a peace that is nobler and nobler yet.

## A Walk Round Miller's Dale

Rambling grows but also changes. We no longer meet the rambler walking 25 miles a day all on the King's highway. Motors have killed that pastime.

One of our readers has come upon a party of 200 which set out to encircle the uplands round Miller's Dale in Derbyshire. The pace set was four miles an hour; the speed never slackened, no pauses to survey the landscape; the walkers marched on with a sound like that of the sea on the shingle beach.

But the walk was lifted high above the level of mere prison-yard exercise by a visit to the church at Eyam, Derbyshire's plague village.

The party gathered round a speaker who told of the plague coming to Eyam, yet none had fled, although 300 died out of 350. The self-imposed boundary was never broken. The parson spent himself in his efforts to keep up the morale of the village.

When they clattered out again a new vision of England had been born in the minds of nearly all of them.

## EXPLORER TO THE LAST Wells of Adelaide

A link with the men who put Australia on the map was broken when old Mr L. A. Wells passed away.

He was one of the band of explorers who nearly half a century ago followed up the journeys of the pioneers who sought the secrets of the Dead Heart of Australia. Some of those earlier adventurers like Burke and Wills left their bones in the waterless desert; others like Stuart or Eyre triumphed; but all left work for others who attempted to follow them.

Wells was one of the fortunate ones. He led the Calvert expedition which made the first south-to-north crossing of the great sandy desert of 440,000 square miles. Two of those who were with him died of thirst, but Wells came back, bringing back with him the tale of waters which saved the lives of the expedition but which none have visited since, so perilous is the way to them. But peril was the salt of his life, which he risked to find new lakes, new hills, and in the search for new goldfields. One such field, the Murchison, he helped to find, and when he was a young man of 72 he went to seek another.

This was Lasseter's reef, which has become a fable among Australian gold prospectors since news of its riches was brought by a man who died before ever he could find it again. Wells was one of those who tried, and have tried in vain, to come upon it. He was out of touch with the world of men for seven months, and when he came back, a weary man with hardly a sole to his foot, he had no tale to tell except that all his camels had been lost. He never found the gold, but he found adventure in plenty, and though this was only six years ago Adelaide can hardly believe that the brave old man has gone.

## The Cry of a Hedgehog

The Chief Medical Officer of Barnardo's Homes (Dr A. H. Macdonald) sends us this story of a hedgehog, following on the C.N. story of a hedgehog asking for its milk.

About two years ago I was conscious of waking out of sleep with an uneasy feeling, but was then thoroughly aroused by a loud tap at the door. The air seemed to be full of trouble. My cook, who lived at the other side of the house, called out, "There's a child being murdered," and at the same time there were most unearthly cries.

I hurriedly put on a dressing-gown and made for a corner of a field where there was some thick undergrowth. The light was uncertain, but guided by the sound I discovered that the cause of all the trouble was a full-grown hedgehog caught by a hind leg in a rabbit trap.

The deep impression left on my mind is the cry of the tortured hedgehog.

## A Dog and His Friends

For four years Bluey, a cattle dog, has had the Freedom of Granville, Sydney.

All this time he has been nobody's dog, but he has not lacked friends. Regularly every morning he has gone to have his breakfast at the grocer's, then to the Royal Hotel where he would be given lunch, and at 6.30 he would call in at the newsagent's for dinner. But not only has he received free meals, a friend has taken him to every council meeting!

Then one day a shadow fell on Bluey—the R S P C A van. Every dog must be owned by somebody, they said. But his friends did not desert him. The grocer bought him a beautiful new collar, the wife of the newsagent had him registered, and the friend who took him to the council meetings had the newsagent's address and telephone number engraved on his collar for all the world to see that Bluey, the cattle dog, had friends who would not let him get into trouble!

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

A miner of Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan (Mr T. Spratt), has been presented with a medal for rescuing a fox terrier from a mountain crevice 40 feet deep.

A model glider released at Newcastle was found several miles away at Forest Hall, having been in the air over two hours. It broke the world's record for model flights.

Two Yorkshire brothers (Mr B. L. and Mr C. L. Jagger, of Shipley), Old Boys of Bradford Grammar School, have remembered their Alma Mater by sending it £1000 towards a new library.

Nearly a million trees were burned in a fire on a Forestry plantation near Bettws-y-Coed.

Two Bronze Age canoes have been found intact in the bed of the River Trent.

The L M S Railway is building ten 160-ton express engines, five streamlined and five of orthodox appearance, to be named after duchesses.

Last year 18 million tourists visited Canada from the United States, over 50 per cent more than Canada's entire population.

Liverpool University has a new building, the Harold Cohen Library, with space for a million books.

More than a hundred million pennies were sent out from the Mint last year.

The Mint has issued 43,590,400 of the nickel brass threepenny-bits that nobody will use.

Wakefield has established a permanent holiday seaside school at Hornsea, where 80 boys are to go for three-week periods.

## Michael Potter and the Celluloid Comb

Little Michael Potter of Hull, two years old, is the latest victim of inflammable celluloid.

Michael was in his nightdress by the fire and his brother Donald was at his side playing with a celluloid comb. The comb burst into flames and Michael was so badly burned that he died.

## This Week's Book

This week's Book Token has been awarded to Philip Brochbank of Wallasey, the book asked for being the Poems of W. B. Yeats.

## THINGS SEEN

A notice on a housing estate near Esher boasting that the houses are *dampproof*!

A finch's nest made of confetti discovered by workmen cutting down trees near Perth.

A pair of blue tits nesting in a letter-box on the gate of a bungalow at Thirsk.

## THINGS SAID

If I can advise you, as an old man, my advice is, in all your learning and science, to stick very close to the things you learned from your mothers.

General Smuts

We were five hours getting from Tilbury to St Pancras with our luggage.

An Australian

I always hoped to be a blacksmith; it is a man's job.

Earl Baldwin

If our people were housed at ten houses to the acre there would be 12 square miles of space for every mile built on.

Sir Raymond Unwin

I have never seen the Highway Code.

A Doncaster lorry-driver

Only this morning at breakfast we heard the BBC Announcer wish his hearers Good Evening.

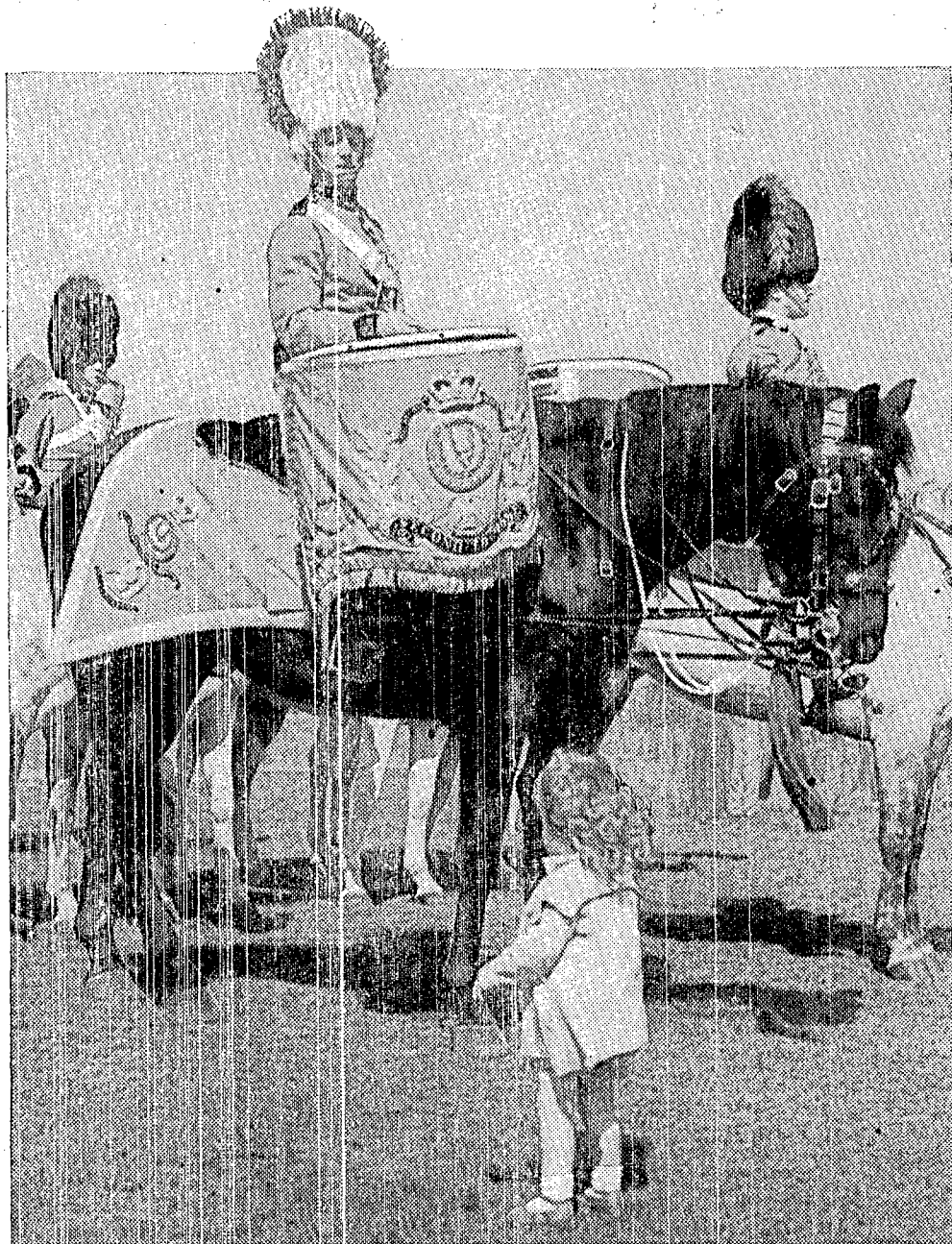
Letter to the C.N. from a School

Inspector at Suva

A woman could walk alone across Rhodesia as safely as across Clapham Common. Letter from a Rhodesian woman



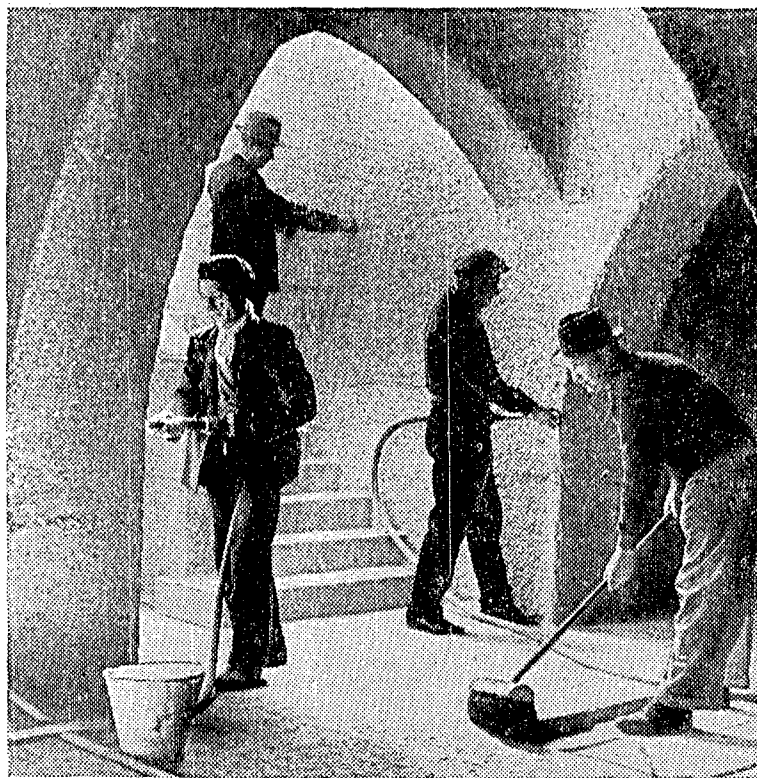
# Royal Scots Greys • Mobile Milk Bar • Guildford Cathedral



The Drummer—A tiny girl admires a drummer of the Royal Scots Greys, one of the few remaining cavalry regiments, now to be seen at the Royal Tournament



Mobile Milk Bar—The new milk bar on wheels which is to tour the countryside. See page 5



New Cathedral—Men at work on the walls and staircase of the south crypt of Guildford's new cathedral, which is now rapidly taking shape

## WATERLOO GIVES WAY TO PEACE

### New Names for Old Streets

Four hundred London streets are to change their old names for new ones in July, and we are glad to see one or two of the new ones.

*Artillery Street is to be Peace Street and Waterloo Terrace is to be Peace Terrace.*

At present there are so many streets with the same name that it is most confusing for the Post Office, the Fire Brigade, and the Ambulance Service.

Among the changes it is interesting to hear that Princes Square in Stepney is to become Swedenborg Square, in honour of the famous man whose body lay for a time in the Swedish church. Bedford Street in Whitechapel will be known as Cavell Street, after the immortal Edith Cavell who was at the London Hospital, near by. Goldsmith Street in Holborn will be changed to Stukeley Street in memory of Dr William Stukeley, the antiquarian who was the rector of St George-the-Martyr. Other changes include Albert Road to Consort Road, in Camberwell, and in Stepney, Cordelia Road becomes Lear Street.

### 1000 Weeks On

Two new seams of coal have been found at Beamish near Gateshead, both about two and a half feet thick, and it is estimated that 1000 men and boys will be employed for 20 years before their stores are exhausted.

## The Sweep's Half-Crown

### WHY A LAW LINGERS FROM THE BAD OLD DAYS

A BILL to repeal the laws relating to the employment of children by chimney sweeps has been introduced into Parliament.

During last century several laws were made to prevent the practice of sending little boys and girls up chimneys to sweep them. There is now no need for such a ridiculous practice, but the laws have not been repealed in the usual way because of the trifling sum of half-a-crown.

There are about 6000 chimney sweeps in this country and they still have to apply to the police each year for permission to carry on their work, and to pay to the police pension fund half-a-crown for every assistant employed. As they are the only people except hawkers and pedlars who have to make such an application to the police, they naturally object to this obsolete law, though we have no doubt that all of them would gladly pay the half-a-crown for the policeman's pension.

The chimney sweeps today are suffering for the sins of their predecessors who, in the days before straight chimneys and long brooms, sent up young children to sweep away the soot with a rope and hand-brush. There are men alive today who swept chimneys in this way and the Editor of the C N knew one whose legs were crooked all his life because he had been a chimney boy. Even Windsor Castle's chimneys were swept in this way by little girls, and there are people living who well remem-

ber the Miss Morgans, who once clambered in and out of the royal chimneys.

Chimney-sweeping runs in families, and the head of a famous firm has recalled how his grandmother used to carry two boys from room to room wrapped in her apron, but she gave them a weekly bath.

Most of these unhappy children did not even get that, for their employers were often cruel men. There was, for example, a little boy apprentice at Tramore who was compelled to go up the chimney though the soot was actually burning. Hardly had he begun his work when he dropped exhausted on the floor and died. This account is from The Observer of 1832, yet so regardless was Parliament of human suffering in those bad days that the House of Lords again and again threw out a Bill to abolish "the human chimney brush." It was not until 1840 that the first Act was passed, and it is one of those Acts Parliament is now being asked to repeal.

### Twenty Missionaries

Not only has the London Missionary Society been uplifted by the raising of its income and the wiping out of its debt, as we told last week, but it has just sent out twenty new missionaries.

One of these was a Lutheran pastor deprived of his church in Germany because one of his ancestors was a Jew. Rejected by Hitler, he is going to help to build up a church in Madagascar.

## GOOD OR BAD HOUSES?

### Our Minister of Beauty

It has been often remarked that while the interior of a house is private the exterior is public property, because it forms part of the picture of life.

Realising this, the Health Ministry has reminded building authorities of the importance of building houses which are not only healthy and comfortable, but attractive and in keeping with the neighbourhood in which they are built.

The Minister, assuming very properly the function of a Ministry of Beauty, points out that the houses now to be built will stand as a part of the countryside for generations, and should be objects of pride. He emphasises the importance of employing architects to attain this object, and he is to issue a new manual containing information of special interest to rural councils.

All this is excellent. Too long has the builder been allowed to set up ridiculous sights in our towns and villages.

### Battleship Parties

A party of Canadian schoolboys from schools all over Canada have been invited to spend a fortnight in July as the guests of the Home Fleet. The battleships which will entertain the 35 boys will probably be the Royal Oak, Rodney, Nelson, Revenge, and Ramillies, and in them the boys will visit English seaside resorts.



## MEXICO'S WAY Getting Rid of the Foreigner

### WHAT WILL FOLLOW?

Mexico, having taken the surprising step of recalling her Minister in London, our Government has recalled the British Minister from Mexico City.

The action of the Mexican Government was immediately due to the request for payment of the annual instalment of a debt arising as compensation for damage to British interests in Mexico in the revolutions of 1910 and 1920. A similar debt to America had been duly honoured, but the sum due to our Government was not sent, so a demand was made for it, and the money was paid, with a rather rude reference to rich nations who did not always pay their debts.

### The Instalment Paid

Before leaving, the Mexican Minister paid the instalment, £18,000, but at the same time presented a note protesting against the action of the British Government in asking for compensation to the investors in the oil-fields recently seized by the Mexican Government.

For 20 of the past 25 years the Mexican Government has defaulted in its payment of interest due to British holders on its foreign debt, so our Government felt justified in the strong line it took. But to withdraw one's Minister in a huff is not the way to reach a settlement in an international dispute, and we may hope that Mexico will soon regain her sense of humour and become a good neighbour once again.

Mexicans have of late years become more and more restive under the feeling that foreigners own and run all the undertakings worth running in their country, and the new slogan is "Mexico for the Mexicans."

### Alarm Among the Workers

President Cardenas knows well that when the foreigners have gone from his country poverty and unrest will be the inevitable consequence, and there has been tremendous propaganda urging the people to tighten their belts for "the glory of the nation." The great majority of the workers are really alarmed, but are so dominated by their leaders that they dare not protest.

Minatitlan, a small oil-shipping town on the tropical River Coatzacoalcas, has already been shut down. Oil arrives here by pipe lines belonging to the Mexican Eagle Oil Company, and sea-going tankers take away this oil to the four corners of the globe. Apart from oil, Minatitlan cannot exist.

One morning a special aeroplane arrived with orders that all the confidential officials were to pack in readiness to leave; then orders came to evacuate the women and children, and many families which had been settled for twenty years were suddenly uprooted.

In the midst of this upset planes arrived to take away the foreigners load by load, and an idle crowd of stunned and uneasy workmen were left behind.

Slogans are uncanny tools to use, often harming the users far more than those against whom they are directed.

## Cheap Tickets For The Academy

The Royal Academy is attracting more visitors than ever this year; perhaps the Coronation pictures have something to do with it.

It should be more widely known that students at schools and colleges can obtain admission tickets at half price if the Principal applies for them in lots of ten or more. Also Girls Clubs, members of Staff Associations and similar bodies can obtain ten tickets at 1s each if applied for in advance. All tickets can be used independently by the holders, who are not required to attend in parties.

## Czecho-Slovakia WHY NOT ANOTHER SWITZERLAND?

THE increasingly urgent problem of Czecho-Slovakia, with its discontented population of Germans, continues to create anxiety, and it is good to see the welcome that was given to the British Government's efforts to settle the question.

Lovers of peace are properly never tired of pointing to the Swiss Federal Republic as a model of what can be done to reconcile different races under one government, and it is felt widely that Czecho-Slovakia might be made into another Switzerland with satisfaction to all concerned.

In Switzerland the German, French, and Italian population possess a wide measure of self-government while owing obedience to a Central Government. The Republic is a Federal State, and, although it is placed between France and Germany and between Italy and Germany, it has peace and tranquillity.

The central Swiss Government, elected by the whole people, deals with defence, treaties, railways, ports, and higher education; all other matters are the province of the cantons (or regional governments).

### A Cordial Telegram

This excellent arrangement was recently subscribed to by the Czechs in 1919, when the new State of Czecho-Slovakia was set up. Dr Benes himself, the President, thus described what the new State would do:

The Germans in Bohemia will have the same rights as the Czechs. The German language will be the second language of the country, and no oppressive measure will ever be used against the German part of the population. The regime will resemble that of Switzerland.

So, we may earnestly hope, the problem of Czecho-Slovakia will be settled. It affects not the 3,500,000 Germans alone, but the Hungarians of the State, who number about 1,100,000, the Slovaks, who also desire autonomy on the Swiss model, and others.

It is a pleasure to remember that Dr Benes recently went out of his way to send a cordial telegram to Herr Hitler in connection with the German Labour celebrations. It said:

To His Excellency the German Chancellor, Adolf Hitler: I offer to Your Excellency on the occasion of the German States Holiday my sincere congratulations.

In that spirit there should be no difficulty in making Czecho-Slovakia both happy and secure.

Czecho-Slovakia, now so urgently in the news, became a European State after the war. It was formerly part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and when

the Great War broke out the Czechs and Slovaks fought unwillingly against the Allies. Many of them gladly surrendered to Russia and Italy, and by the end of the war 300,000 of them were actually fighting on the side of the Allies. Thus the republic, finally recognised and established by the Peace Treaties of 1918, may be said to have arisen from the rebellion of many of its people from their allegiance to Austria, but unfortunately other elements were included in the new State.

The population is roundly 15 millions and is very mixed, the main elements being Czechs, Moravians, Slovaks, Germans, and Hungarians. At present the numbers are:

Czechs and Moravians ..	7,200,000
Slovaks ..	2,700,000
Germans ..	3,500,000
Hungarians ..	1,400,000
Ruthenians, Poles and others	500,000

This varied population inhabits an area of 55,000 square miles forming a narrow strip of territory in the very heart of Europe. It has no access to the sea, but has right of access to Hamburg and Stettin over the rivers Elbe and Oder.

Thus we understand at once that much of the talk about going to war to defend Czecho-Slovakia ignores geography. If Britain really went to war with Germany in the matter we could only help Czecho-Slovakia by taking an army across the English Channel into France and by helping the French to fight into Germany.

### Home Rule For the Germans

But why should there be talk of war in such a matter? On the extreme western edge of Bohemia (the land of the Czechs), and in Moravia, are some 3,500,000 Germans, who in 1919 revolted in an attempt to unite them with the Germans of Austria. There are thus actually more Germans than Slovaks in the republic, and even the Czechs number only twice as many as the Germans. The Czechs, indeed, are less than half the entire population of the State, though they take the chief part in its Government. Not only the Germans, but the Slovaks and the Hungarians are dissatisfied with the position. Thus, if Czecho-Slovakia went to war, she would have dissatisfied elements in her army, as the Czechs and Slovaks themselves were dissatisfied soldiers of Austria in the Great War.

If Germany desires that the Germans of this little republic shall be allowed Home Rule, this could be effected by a reform of Czecho-Slovakia on the Swiss model, with provinces for the different races within her boundaries.

## The Cat at the Window

A CAT was the central figure at a ceremony not long ago at the Mansion House, when Pussy was invested with the badge of membership of the Royal Society of Dartmen.

Someone noted that the creature took little interest in the proceedings, preferring to look out of the window of the old ballroom. It is a pastime which has a great attraction for cats. They will sit for long periods watching with their light-pierced eyes each movement that takes place on the other side of the obstructing panes of glass. Not a flutter of a bird's wing, not a shiver of the merest fly, not one glancing reflection, escapes the vigilance of that wary gaze.

This habit in a certain white cat of the 18th century, which lived in an old house beside the river Orwell in Suffolk, was turned to curious account by smugglers who at that time infested the coast.

If local tradition may be relied on, as retailed at Pinnill, the presence of this

white cat in the window commanding the river signalled danger to approaching smugglers creeping up in loaded vessels to land their contraband in the surrounding thickets.

The story is that a curious method was used to keep Pussy at her post, a great hourglass being placed beside her; it is said that a cat will sit fascinated for a long time by the slow trickle of sand as it filters through. A tragedy occurred and the cat was killed, but, nothing daunted, the smugglers had the body stuffed, and once more used it as a danger signal to "keep off the shore," when they suspected the presence of Government watchers.

Wanderers on the shore of the Orwell river who know nothing of this strange story may be surprised when, as they approach the curious old house which still stands solitary beside the river (called The Cat House) they see painted on the window the figure of a white cat with an hourglass beside it.

## P C LABRADOR The Retriever Joins the Force

The choice has been made, and from all rival breeds the Labrador retriever has been accepted for Crown service; he joins up as a policeman for London and wider areas.

He will go on patrol with the constables, to aid in preventing and detecting crime. He will be trained to stand like a statue on guard; he will swim a river or search a field, a park, or a garden in quest of a clue; and he will nose his way in a house where mischief is suspected. He is proof against all weathers; he is courageous; but he is mild and will not attack, although he will not allow an assailant to hurt his master.

So, with all the resources science places at their disposal, our London police have adopted the idea of an extension of the oldest of partnerships on earth, that between man and dog. We may or may not like it, but the animal will contribute in a new way to 20th century civilisation and so carry on the task its ancestors have been discharging as the servants of man since days long before history.

The Labradors are to aid the guardians of the peace as the collies and sheep-dogs aid the guardians of our flocks. It is as true today as when the Ettrick Shepherd said it, that without the sheepdog our heaths and hills would be simply barren wastes; it is the dogs that prevent the active sheep from straying from these pastures; it is the dog that brings the shepherds with his cures when the sheep, stricken by fly, creeps away to die in hiding; it is the dog that scents them out when they lie perishing deep in snowdrifts.

## The Missel Thrush in the Monkey Puzzle

For the past three or four years a pair of missel thrushes have built their nest in a monkey-puzzle tree in Boscombe cemetery. The tree is close to the main drive and about six feet from the ground.

A nest in a monkey-puzzle tree might be thought quite safe from risk of depredation, but the birds have taken the extra precaution of weaving into the fabric a piece of string.

For decorating their nest they have raided the wreaths, using the fine fern employed in making them.

Monkey-puzzle trees obviously do not make for comfort, and no other nests have ever been found in them in the cemetery, but these missel thrushes have reared their brood in safety.

## A Word For the Coloured Peoples

Lord Moyne, speaking to a society which does its best to preserve the existence of the primitive races, had this to say:

The imposition of our white civilisation upon primitive races undoubtedly leads to their destruction and even extermination.

I cannot help feeling rather unhappy at the assumption that our own ways are best. The encouragement of natives to wear European garments has in certain cases caused the loss of health and vigour.

Lord Moyne might have added that the European races have long worn too many heavy garments. Why, then, should they impose such clothing on the coloured peoples?

## Submarine Post

Perhaps for the first time in history a submarine post has been established in Spain for communication between the Spanish Government and the region of Catalonia which has been cut off by General Franco's troops.



## THE PIT BOY

The owners of the Burnhope Colliery, near Stanley, have resolved that boys under 16 are not to work in the mine.

Boys of 14 may find employment at the colliery, but for two years they will work on the surface and receive instruction instead of going down into the pit. Only when they have earned their safety badges together with certificates for ambulance work after a thorough training will they be permitted to work underground.

## HIS MAJESTY THE PELICAN

There was an amusing scene the other morning at the Colin MacKenzie Bird Sanctuary at Healesville, Victoria, when a new arrival made his appearance on the lake.

He was a magnificent Australian pelican, and on leaving his crate he sailed majestically down the lake as though he owned it. This arrogance was too much for the rulers of the lake, four black swans, who immediately advanced in line and sailed towards the intruder, their feathers bristling ominously. As they came nearer the swans hissed, but the pelican took no notice. He merely passed them with a "honk, honk," which completely bewildered the swans, who, realising that the newcomer was not going to be obstreperous, returned to their homes in single file.

## MACHINES MUST BE FENCED

It is distressing to learn that unfenced machinery is still in use.

An East London firm of fur dressers has just been fined £35 and costs for failing to provide proper fencing to a machine and to notify an accident due to the lack of fencing. No machine should be as much as offered for sale unless provided with proper fencing of its moving parts.

## STEEL

A wonderful film has been shown in London.

It was used by Dr W. H. Hatfield of Sheffield to illustrate a paper he read at the Iron and Steel Institute, and it is believed to be the first colour film to show the technical processes of making steel.

The film shows the casting of an ingot weighing 150 tons, a gigantic mass of white-hot steel. We can almost feel the intense heat of the liquid metal, from which showers of burning sparks flew off in a continuous firework display. The metal shown was 16 times hotter than boiling water.

## A THAMES CRUISE

The Thames cruises for school children are to be repeated this year, and the Port of London Authority has made arrangements to conduct 16,000 children over the London docks, beginning on June 1.

We wish all London children could make the trip. Those who cannot do that might at least go to the waterside at Greenwich and watch the shipping; it is a deeply interesting and instructive sight.

Splendid steamers convey the children on their 25-mile journey, and running commentary is made from the bridge by a well-equipped official. There is so much to see and to learn that the experience is fascinating and never to be forgotten. Children of 12 and over are eligible, and the charge made is only eighteenpence.

## THE MILK BAR IS ON TOUR

The most completely equipped travelling Milk Bar yet opened, the Milk Marketing Board's first mobile unit, is to be shown at seaside resorts and industrial centres.

It is a commercial motor van with a bar built into it. Ten gallons of milk in bulk, eight gallons of ice-cream, and 500 half-pint cartons of milk are carried, and there are all the usual mixers found in milk bars. Two customers a minute can be served. *Picture on page 3*

## Old John and His Clocks

THERE is no telling when Old John's new clock will be finished.

He is busy with it now, and has already collected part of a bicycle, a car starting-handle, a gramophone escape-wheel, and wheels from a milk-separator, but there is much more to do before the clock strikes the hours.

No one doubts that it will go if Old John lives to finish it. He is John Carter of Tirley in Gloucestershire, an old wheelwright taking his ease at 73. Very proud he is of two clocks which keep good time, one at Tirley, the other in the tower of Eldersfield church three miles across the Worcestershire border.

Tirley's clock has been striking the hours since 1918, and Old John cannot

remember how many years it took to make. He certainly made it of odds and ends, for in it are a file, part of a pistol, and fragments of a gimlet, a spade, a bean drill, a ploughshare, and a windlass from a river lock, besides a scythe nearly as old as Time. The Eldersfield clock, on which Mr Carter has spent 15 years, has been keeping time for about 18 months, and has a pendulum made from a skittle ball and a penny, a frame of old oak from a gatepost, and machinery which includes a gramophone spring, wheels from a lawn-mower, pieces of harness, a steel poker, and a door knocker.

Time never stands still at Tirley or Eldersfield.

## 102 WEEDS

No less than 102 weeds commonly found on our ploughed land are described in a Ministry of Agriculture handbook entitled Weeds of Arable Land. They are all illustrated and their habits detailed, with advice on getting rid of them. The book is not dear as books go, but we wish its price could be lowered, for weeds are triumphant in too many places. The loss they cause is very serious.

It has been suggested that it would be worth the while of the Ministry to organise travelling experts to visit every district to advise on weed control.

## BONZO

A farmer near Buxton is mourning the loss of a friend, his wonderful dog Bonzo.

Bonzo was on the Roll of Honour of the League of Kindness to Animals, for he had once saved his master's life, attacking an infuriated bull which knocked Mr Mycock down.

Every day Bonzo used to fetch a can of milk, and every day would carry an empty can from a farm. The can was one of many, but Bonzo knew which to choose, and was never known to go home with the wrong one.

## WE ARE GROWING

Lord Sandon, at a meeting of the I. C. C., has called attention to the rise in the average height of the nation in the last fifty years.

He hoped that in the new blocks of dwellings on the Council's estates there was allowance for further increase in length of beds which might be needed in the next fifty years.

The L. M. S. Railway has been dealing out uniforms to the extent of 750 miles of cloth. Their tallest employee is 6 feet 8 and the smallest 4 feet 3. Chest measurements vary from 60 inches to 27 inches. Boots run up to size 14 and down to 5. Engine-drivers have the biggest chest measurements and passenger guards are the tallest.

## THE VIKING'S LAST REST

Hyskeir and Humla, Canna and Sanday, islands of the West, have been sold. Their basalt cliffs have hurled back the Atlantic waves ever since the Western Isles emerged from the glaciers of the Ice Age; their strange romantic names were given them by the Seakings who sailed from Norway's shores.

On Canna the Vikings buried their dead. The boat-shaped graves of their chieftains rise on the north coast of Canna to testify that here some of the sea-rovers came to their last rest.

After they had come and gone a milder race of voyagers followed bringing instead of the hammer of Thor and the might of Odin the message of the Cross. A sculptured cross on Canna's isle marks where these missionaries built St Columba's Chapel of old.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY THE WIND

It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

In Saskatchewan during the last few years high winds have blown away the soil and ruined many crops. At the same time the winds uncovered many valuable relics of Indian tribes which wandered hundreds of years ago across the plains.

More than 3000 specimens have been found of spearheads, arrowheads, knives, drills, and scrapers. Some of the relics are made of stones such as agate, jasper, and chalcedon. None of these stones is found on the western plains. The curator of the Ontario Museum, where the stones are now housed, believes they were brought from the Pacific coast.

## JOHN BRIGHT

A week or two ago we quoted a speech made by John Bright in 1853.

It reminded one of our readers of the day, towards the end of his life, when she saw John Bright at Southport. He had been walking by the sea, and when she last caught sight of him he was "laughing for all he was worth at a Punch and Judy show."

## DINNER FOR A KING

Most of us have thought of the fine things we would do if we happened to have been born a king.

King Farouk of Egypt has every chance to make such dreams come true, but neither he nor his young wife care much for pomp and splendour.

The other day they were driving through Cairo when they decided to call on a member of the Chamber of Deputies. They were invited to dinner, accepting on one condition. It was that King Farouk should choose the menu.

He did so, amazing his host by asking for cake, cheese, and lemonade.

## EMPIRE AIR DAY

Saturday is Empire Air Day, and about 90 air stations throughout the land will be open to the public.

Civil flying stations as well as R. A. F. aerodromes may be visited and special flying displays have been arranged. It will be possible to have close-up views of many types of aircraft and to inspect the workshops, hangars, and barracks. At Cardington in Bedfordshire something will be seen of the new balloon barrage to be employed in the air defence of important centres.

There is to be no R. A. F. Display at Hendon this year, so Saturday provides the only opportunity for seeing close at hand the work of the flying services. A charge of a shilling for grown-ups and threepence for children is being made at aerodromes, profits going to charities.

## THE DRIVE AGAINST DUST

New York State has a fine Department of Labour which, among other things, enlists every possible aid in fighting disease in industry. Not the least of these is Dust.

It has a splendid cruising X-ray laboratory, which goes from factory to factory testing conditions. It is 25 feet long and is fitted with the latest X-ray apparatus. Thus it photographs workers exposed to deadly dust, and is able to assist and advise preventive measures.

A travelling laboratory is something new in industrial research, and is well worthy of imitation. Dust is the enemy of millions of workers.

## ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA

Our Trade Commission in Australia makes a happy report on Australian progress, which is very welcome when we remember how in 1931 the Commonwealth's prospects were injured by the American slump. There has been advance in every department.

The progress of manufacturing has been truly remarkable. The position of local industries in competition has become very much more powerful than before the great depression; in fact, the depression has helped secondary industries in various ways by forcing the country to live on its own resources.

Today many of Australia's industries could compete successfully with imported goods on a duty-free basis. Extensions of industries (many for the production of goods not made in Australia before) have been numerous, and it is anticipated that the new defence policy will justify still greater extensions.

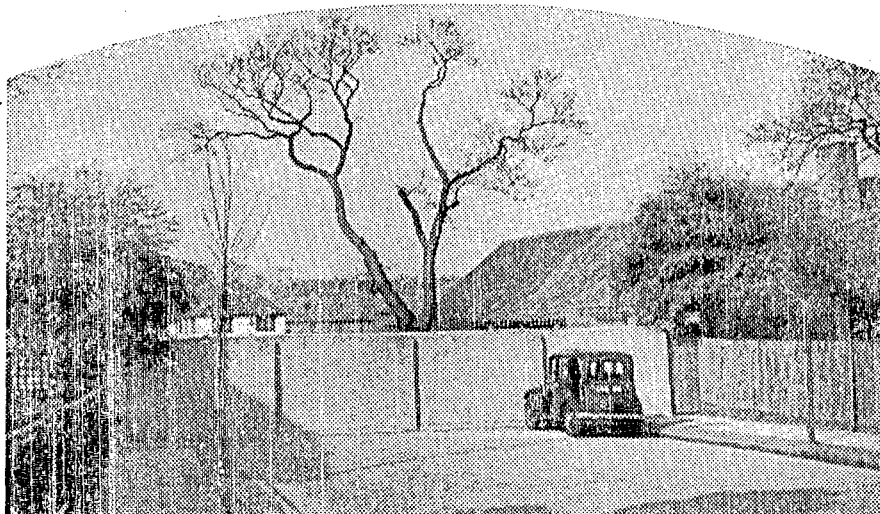
## GEORGE TALBOT PASSES BY

Elizabeth Ann, a 14-months-old baby, was enjoying the sunshine in the garden at Reading.

Suddenly her perambulator began to move downhill, ran through the gate across the towpath, and arrived in the river, Ann being swept away by the current.

It might have been the end of her if George Talbot had not been out of work. He was walking by the river when he heard the child cry out and, diving in, found her and brought her to safety. Talbot is a labourer, and had just come out of hospital after a six-months illness. He collapsed on coming out of the water, but was brought round. He has a wife and seven children, and now that the people of Reading know that they have a hero in their midst we may hope he will find a little work to do.

## An Unfriendly Wall in Kent



This wall was built across a road at Bromley when London County Council bought the adjoining land for its Downham estate, so Downham people are unable to walk this way into Bromley



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 28

1938

Things You Can Do  
For Yourself

IT was one of the wisest and most interesting men of our time, Dr Inge, who asked the other day if we are sure we are travelling on the right path.

He sees society becoming enslaved to the machine and allowing itself to be moulded by automatic devices. Millions become machine-minders, and millions more escape from that by becoming mere dealers in machine products. Neither class understands the work it does, and each does as little of it as possible, for it is uninteresting and robbed of all the true joy of doing real work. As Dean Inge puts it, "The slave of the machine himself becomes little better than the machine, and the machine-minder is less contented than the old-time workman making a pair of shoes at his cottage door."

It is not good to see a girl doing nothing all day but raise and lower a lever in a bicycle factory, or a man in a car factory fastening one little bit to chassis after chassis as they pass him on a moving belt. Man is not meant to be a galley-slave like that.

Is there no escape from machinery? Can nothing be done to elevate this grinding work into cheerful labour?

There are those who think it can; they believe that if work were properly organised the machine-minder would need to work very short hours and thus be released to do real work, artistic work, for himself, his family, and his friends, or in simple exchange with other such craftsmen or artists. As one writer has put it:

*For the greater part of his working hours the worker may be poet or painter, writer or philosopher, singer or musician, actor or dramatist, carver or sculptor.*

Is this a dream? If so, the vision is a good one. We can realise it in some measure for ourselves, by learning while we are young how to do things—how to use tools, how to sketch in line or colour, how to use such lovely materials as wood, iron, wool, and to fashion them into useful and beautiful articles.

A man's capacity, it may be urged with Dr Inge, can be measured by the number of things he can do for himself, and a man's mind, we may add, can be measured by his power of thinking for himself instead of accepting everything he is told by the printing-machines. It is not a bad motto for a happy life:

*What a number of things I can do for myself!*



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Open Playground

IT is hoped that accidents to children will be reduced this summer by the keeping open of all school playgrounds in the long evenings, so that children can use them instead of playing in the streets.

This year about a hundred will be open in London alone, and we hope every effort will be made to increase the number and size of playgrounds, to supply proper apparatus for the children's games, and to organise efficient supervision.

## Opportunity Lost

PETER PUCK much regrets that in the recent Cabinet changes Lord Nuffield was not made Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the strict understanding that he paid off the National Debt.

## The American League of Nations

IT is interesting to note the names that emerge in American public and private affairs.

The latest American political party is led by a La Follette, a name of obvious French extraction. The President is a Roosevelt, of Dutch origin. The mayor of New York is a La Guardia, Italian. If we turn to the cases that come up in New York news we find names drawn from every part of Europe, another proof that all sorts and conditions of men, of all creeds and races, can live and work amicably side by side when they are citizens in a free country.

## Good News

THE Manx Development Board considers that a certain type of tile for roofing does not match the scenery of the Isle of Man, and has decided that in future no plans for new houses shall be passed with these roofs.

Local authorities on the mainland, please copy.

## Watch the School Age

THE purpose of the Education Act raising the school age to 15 is to secure that the great mass of the nation's children shall be systematically educated up to that age.

The exemption clause is drawn not to benefit employer or parent but the child. There can be no mass exemptions unless a coach-and-four is drawn through the Act in administration, and the working of the clause must be carefully watched.

## Youth

HE watches o'er my fate  
And opens wide the gate;

He shows the vision fair  
Bidding me hope and dare;  
And guideth me, a boy,  
In days of careless joy.  
Lord, guard my boyhood's right,  
My loyalty as knight.

J. Howard Whitehouse In  
Youth and Other Poems

## Thirty Syllables

HERE are thirty little words of one syllable, every one familiar to thousands of people as the name of something they know well in their countryside.

Ant	Dub	Ise	Og	Sid
Ark	Eau	Kym	Quy	Sow
Ash	Ems	Nar	Rea	Tas
Axe	Fyn	Neb	Rib	Ver
Can	Hiz	Noe	Roe	Yar
Doe	Irk	Ock	Rye	Yeo

Every one of these little words is the name of a running brook in England.

## THE BROADCASTER

ABOUT £1000 was raised for the Nurses by the opening of a London roof garden.

THE Girl Guides have bought 80 acres of Kent for camping, near Cudham.

## JUST AN IDEA

*How many of us realise that we find it easier to stand firm against every shock life may bring if every day has its quiet time—a minute or two in which we lay hold on powers not our own?*

## Under the Editor's Table

CHANGE is what children need on a holiday, declares a writer. And purses to put it in.

LONG life is attributed to deep breathing. Or just breathing.

THERE are many disused windmills in the country. Their owners can't get the wind up.

A MOTOR engineer has taken up acting. Is used to getting spare parts.

THE food at mountain hotels is exceptionally good, says a writer. One expects it to be high.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If prisoners are presented at Court

A MOTORIST complains of the printed instructions one sees all along the road. He is tired of passing remarks.

SOME of the finest country has the ugliest villages. Building sights.

A WAITRESS says some customers insist on having particular cakes. Particular customers.

A MEMBER of a jazz band says he has worn out several drums. Ear drums, no doubt.

A SLEEP in the afternoon benefits most people. But they shut their eyes to it.

We Ask For Peace,  
O Lord

WE ask for Peace, O Lord!

Thy children ask Thy Peace;  
Not what the world calls rest,  
That toil and care should cease,  
That through bright sunny hours  
Calm life should fleet away,  
And tranquil night should fade  
In smiling day;  
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

WE ask for Peace, O Lord!

Yet not to stand secure,  
Girt round with iron pride,  
Contented to endure,  
Crushing the gentle strings  
That human hearts should know,  
Untouched by others' joy  
Or others' woe;  
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

WE ask Thy Peace, O Lord!

Through storm, and fear, and strife,  
To light and guide us on,  
Through a long struggling life,  
While no success or gain  
Shall cheer the desperate fight,  
Or nerve what the world calls  
Our wasted might;  
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

IT is Thine own, O Lord,

Who toil while others sleep;  
Who sow with loving care  
What other hands shall reap:  
They lean on Thee entranced  
In calm and perfect rest;  
Give us that Peace, O Lord,  
Divine and blest,  
Thou keepest for those hearts who love  
Thee best. Adelaide Anne Procter

The Man Who Reads  
the Meter

By The Pilgrim

WE had always thought of him as the man who read the meter.

From time to time he calls at the back door and asks to see the electric meter, a little man with a shabby coat and an old cap, a rather ordinary-looking man who has never anything to say except that the weather is a little colder or a little milder.

One day, happening to meet him coming away, we chatted with him. We walked down the path, and learnt that he had a child very delicate, and a wife who had been in a bus accident three years before and had never walked since. He told us that he never went to the pictures in the evenings, but stayed at home and either read to his wife or helped to make scrap-books, which she sent to boys and girls in hospital. He had had the opportunity of a post where he would have made an extra two pounds a week, but it would have meant moving to another neighbourhood, which would have deprived his wife of the friends who often look in to see her.

And now we think of him as the hero who reads the meter.



## BUILD NEW TOWNS Better Than Adding To Old Ones

*It is a false pride we have in our own town if we are merely thinking about its relative population.*

This was the point of the evidence given not long ago by the Garden Cities Association to the Royal Commission which is considering the geographical distribution of the industrial population. This evidence carried more weight because it had been prepared by Mr F. J. Osborn, a radio manufacturer.

He said that the huge sums spent in building flats and remedying other difficulties essential to great towns might be spent more usefully in checking the growth which causes the difficulties. The cost of flats in expensive areas of a great city is nearly three times as much as the cost of housing the people in a new Garden City, which would be compact with every amenity.

### Intensifying Present Evils

For the 60,000 flats dealt with in this year's Housing Bill the Government give the annual charge for forty years of £900,000 on the Exchequer and £450,000 on the rates, an appalling sum to pay on buildings which intensify all the evils of city life. Mr Osborn went on to explain how the whole environment of a densely built-up centre is opposed to the dignity of family life. Children cooped up in the upper storeys of tenements, or playing in tenement yards or crowded streets, seem out of place. The opportunities offered by the city in amusement, variety, and culture are of supreme value to humanity; but in the absence of really pleasant homes, of gardens, and of a sense of responsible partnership in a community, they produce a superficial outlook, a restlessness, and a rootlessness that is reflected in literature and the arts, and has come to be regarded as characteristic of the age.

Enormous damage to health, also, says Mr Osborn, is wrought by the dense conditions of life in the great towns with their loss of sunlight, their fumes from motor exhausts, and the strain of travelling long distances to work. On the other hand, the lowest infant mortality rates are to be found at Letchworth and Welwyn Garden Cities, which are mainly industrial.

### More Garden Cities

The Association put forward a positive policy, the chief factor of this being the establishment of a National Planning Board with powers to restrict new industries in overgrown cities and in agricultural areas generally, and to encourage industrial development in suitable towns in the Distressed Areas, in other small towns, and in garden cities.

It suggests that housing subsidies should be adjusted to favour certain towns as desirable for industrial development, and that the State subsidy for housing on expensive city sites should be diverted to paying the removal expenses of factories moved to new towns. Finally, stress is laid on the urgency of the green belts and rural stretches round towns, even at the cost of compensation for building values.

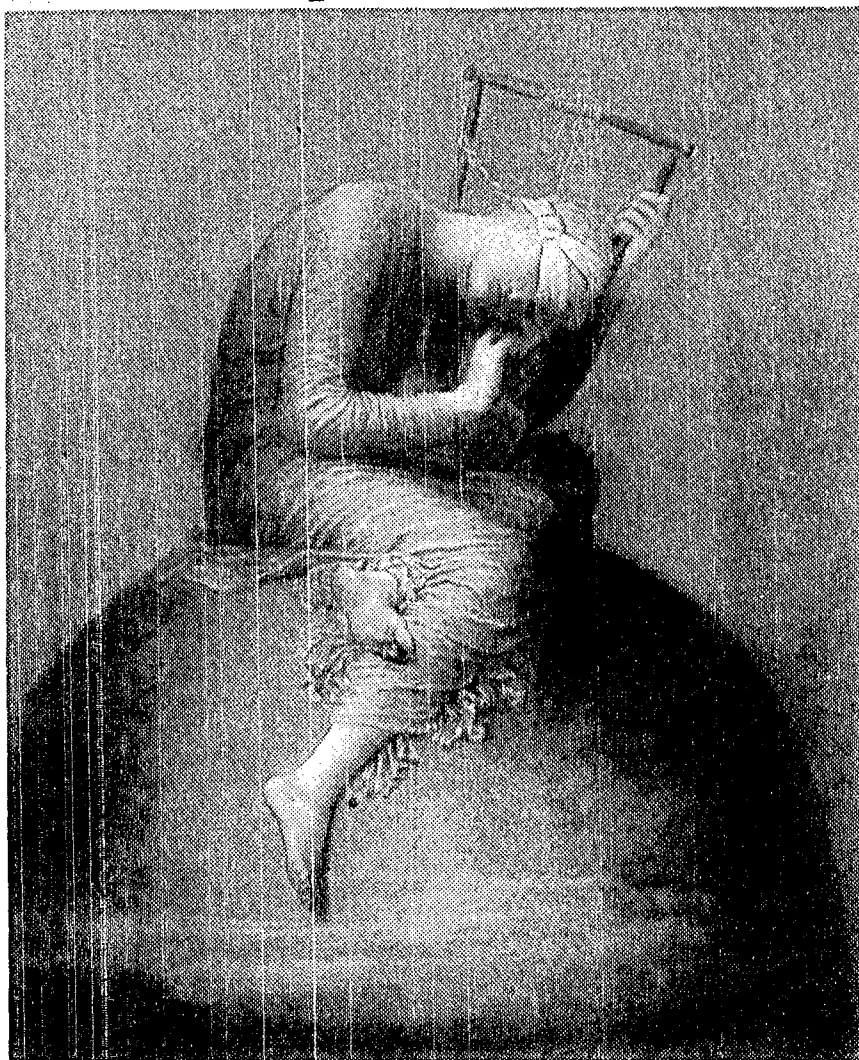
The Garden Cities have proved so successful in providing happy and healthy lives for their industrial workers that their ideas for solving a great problem are well worthy of consideration by the Government.

### Fanny Jeffrey's Bells

When Fanny Jeffrey was a child in the Derbyshire village of Bradwell she loved going to church, and now at 83 she wants to give the church a new peal of bells.

She is living at Sheffield, but is willing to pay £5000 for the bells, and has asked that the work may begin at once so that she may hear the new bells ringing out merrily from the old tower.

## The Hope of the World



We have been asked to reproduce the picture of Hope to which the Editor referred in our 1000th Number. This is it. The picture is by Mr G. F. Watts, R.A., the poem by Harold Begbie, the photograph of the picture by Frederick Hollyer.

ONE star, one string, and all the rest  
Darkness and everlasting space,  
Save that she shelters in her breast  
The travail of the race.

Borne through the cold and sound-  
less deep,  
With ruin riding down the air,  
She bows, too heavenly to weep,  
Too human to despair.

And ever on her lonely string  
Expects the music from above,  
Some faint confirming whispering  
Of fatherhood and love.

One star, one string, and through  
the drift  
Of aeons sad with human cries  
She waits the hand of God to lift  
The bandage from her eyes.

## The Idea of Charlotte Mason

HAPPILY many remember Charlotte Mason, whose thoughts and plans for children's education are as new now as when she gave form to them fifty years ago by founding the Parents National Educational Union.

The Union, which has just celebrated its jubilee, is her enduring memorial, and it is still new because Charlotte Mason was a generation ahead of her time. She had been a teacher, and principally because she loved teaching but partly because it was her best way of earning her living after her father, a rich Liverpool merchant, had lost his fortune by the Civil War in America.

While at a Teachers Training College she formed ideas about the practice of education which were new at the time, and might have been lost sight of in the mass of new methods coming into practice after the foundation of the Girls High School movement. She was one of the several women of high intelligence and formidable energy who employed these qualities to further the education of young people at that time.

Her line of thought was that in the machinery of education, then increasing in size and variety, the soul of teaching was in danger of being forgotten. It was not enough for a child to be educated: the parents must be educated also, so as to perceive what was the most important thing in education for their children's future. In the foremost place

she put the trust in God and the knowledge of goodness.

That parents should see that their children were taught in the right way she formed the Parents National Education Union, whereby parents should learn about educational training, and should be able to meet to discuss their own problems. The idea was too good not to make headway, and has now a wide acceptance and influence. Apart from it, she had views in advance of her time on the teaching both in Elementary and Secondary schools. She lived to see many of them adopted; but that which will always keep her memory green is her steadfast advocacy of the principle that parent and child must be joint partners in education.

### Tale of a Needle

Forty years ago Mrs Izzard, of Credenhill, Hereford, was scrubbing a floor when a sewing needle entered the palm of her hand.

She was advised by a doctor that, as the needle could not be easily located and its extraction might injure the hand, it would be better to leave it where it was.

The other day something appeared under the skin above her knee and a doctor discovered the lost needle which was extracted without much trouble. The needle was in perfect condition.

## FIRE BRIGADES FOR ALL

### A Bill to Protect Village and Town

#### THE OLD PARISH PUMP

Under the Fire Brigades Bill introduced into Parliament by Sir Samuel Hoare safeguards will be available for the whole country which are today only provided in big towns and the more enterprising smaller communities.

No Bill dealing with the protection of life and property against fire has been before Parliament for 40 years, and all previous measures have been local ones.

Fire-fighting has been, indeed, a matter of the parish pump, and many a parish even now has a very defective pump, to say nothing of men capable of using it, for except in our big cities, the service is entirely voluntary.

#### Annual Loss of Ten Millions

Our annual loss of property alone from fire was estimated by Sir Samuel Hoare at £10,000,000, to which losses of wages and business must be added.

It is the smaller towns and the villages which are so much in need of State help. One MP told the story of a village in the Home Counties where a fire broke out this year. On the roll in the shed of the pre-war manual engine were the names of 14 volunteer firemen. Only two of them, both aged, answered the call: the other twelve had been dead for many years.

Everybody's business is too often nobody's business, and so in thousands of places no adequate steps are taken to ward off peril to life.

#### First Organised Service

A hundred years ago London itself was parochial in its fire precautions. Sir Samuel Hoare told of a Mrs Smith of Hackney who kept the parish pump, turning out with it accompanied by her children and demanding payment from the householder before tackling the fire. Then there were the interested parties, the Fire Insurance Companies who marked with metal devices the houses whose owners had paid them premiums, and hired Thames watermen to take their own engine to deal with any such house on fire. It was an amalgamation of these competing brigades, numbering 80 men, which gave London its first organised service, making ridiculous the parish apparatus kept at churches or workhouses, and in one case in a blacksmith's shop, part of which would have to be pulled down to get the engine out.

#### Parliament Acts

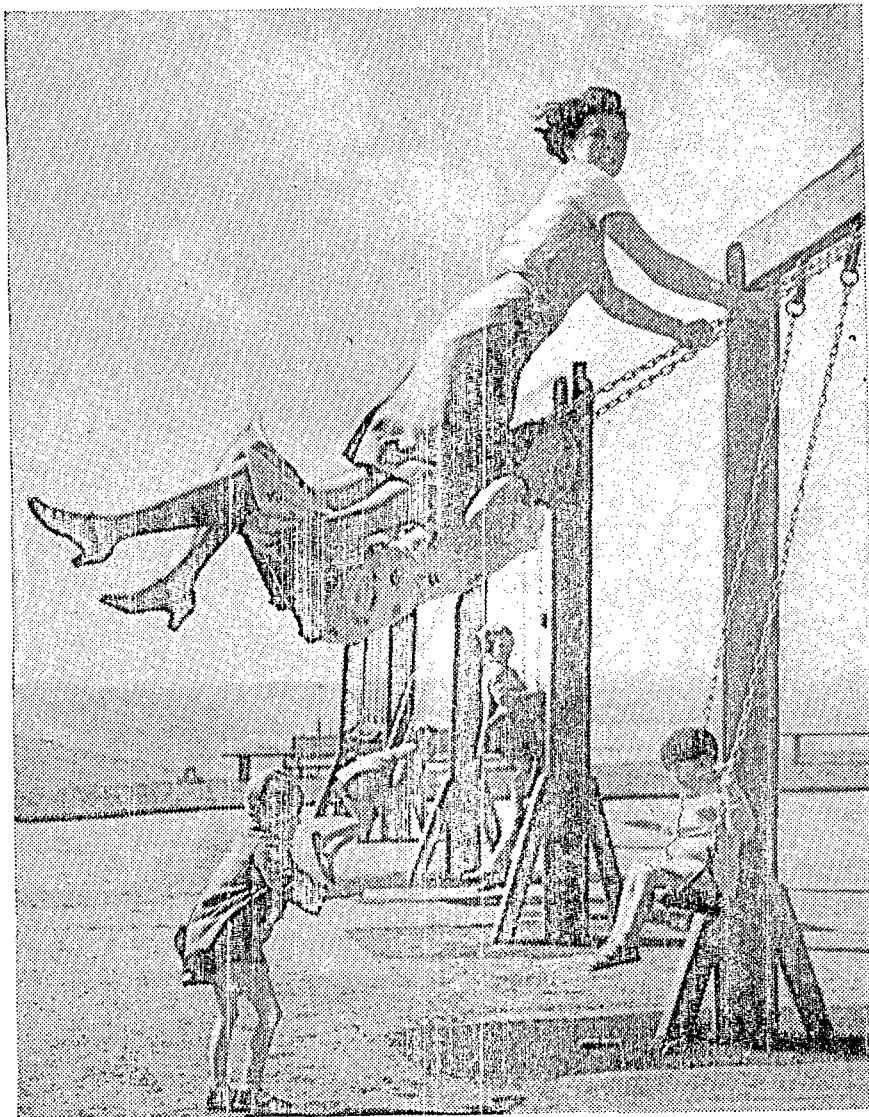
In 1861 occurred the Great Tooley Street fire at which the superintendent of this London Brigade lost his life. The fire was so terrible that Parliament passed an Act placing the Fire Brigade responsibility on the Metropolitan Board of Works, who were empowered to levy a halfpenny rate. The Tooley Street fire had one other good result: it brought in as head of the Brigade that amazing man Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, who revolutionised the system, wrote books, rose at three in the morning to drill his men, and in his 30 years of service dealt with over 55,000 fires.

He organised competitions for provincial brigades and was first President of the National Fire Brigades Union, which co-ordinated the work of the volunteer firemen throughout the country, and was linked with many foreign brigades for exchange of ideas.

The new Bill concerns itself not only with protection, but with research. Fire-fighting officials will be trained, and a commission will be set up for pooling knowledge and watching over the schemes which local authorities will in future have to provide for the protection of life and property from fire.



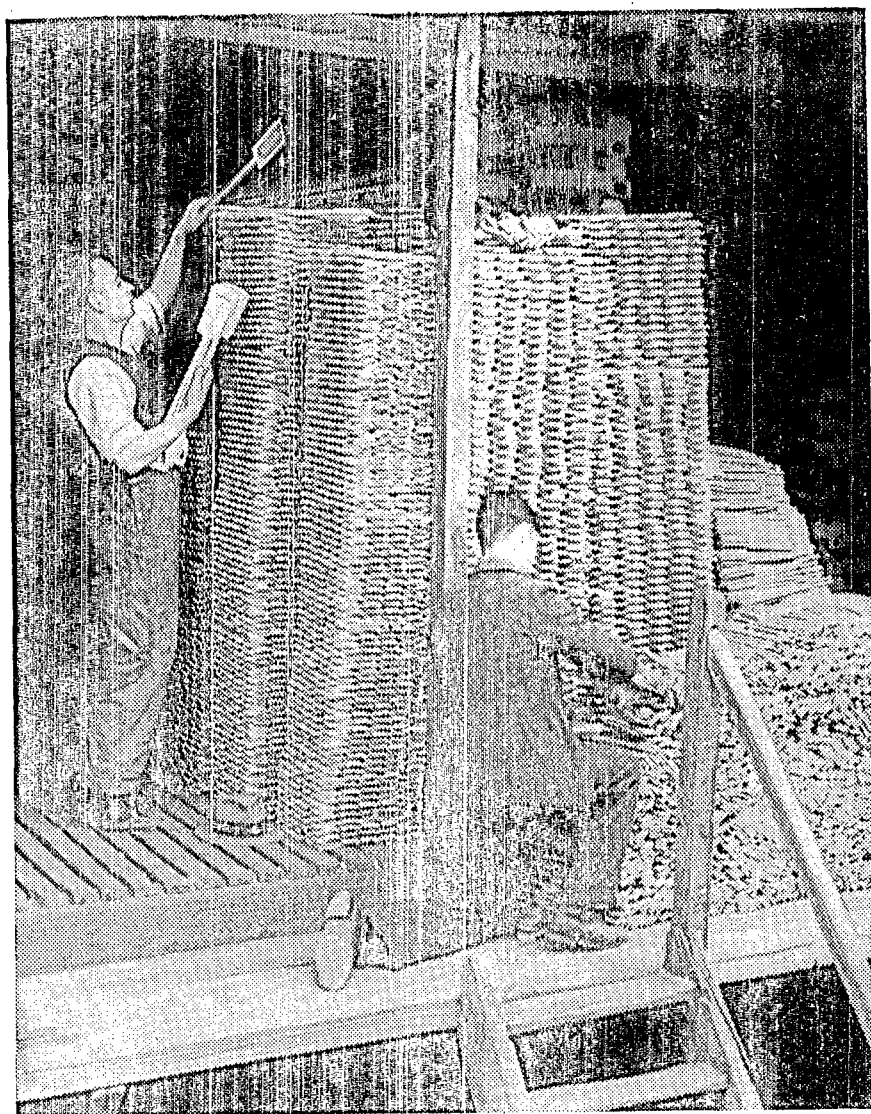
# Seaside Days Begin • A Bargeload of Norfolk



Swinging High—Early holidaymakers at Hastings enjoying the spring sunshine



A Spring Harvest—Spring is the time when Norfolk reeds are cut for thatching, and here is a barge



Looking Ahead—Countless happy hours on sandy beaches are represented by these stacks of wooden spades at a Buckinghamshire factory at Chesham



At Glasgow's Exhibition—In a quiet corner of Bellahouston Park is this charming little pavilion dedicated to the great cause of Peace



Women's Newspaper

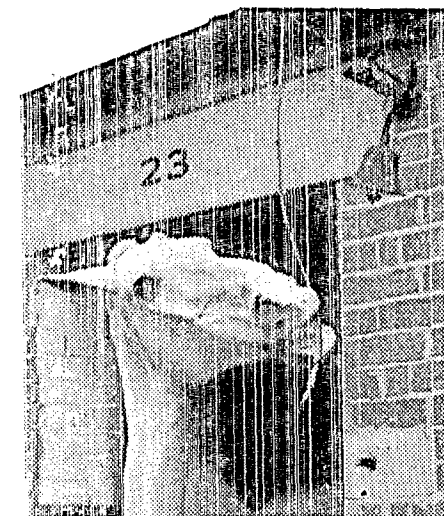
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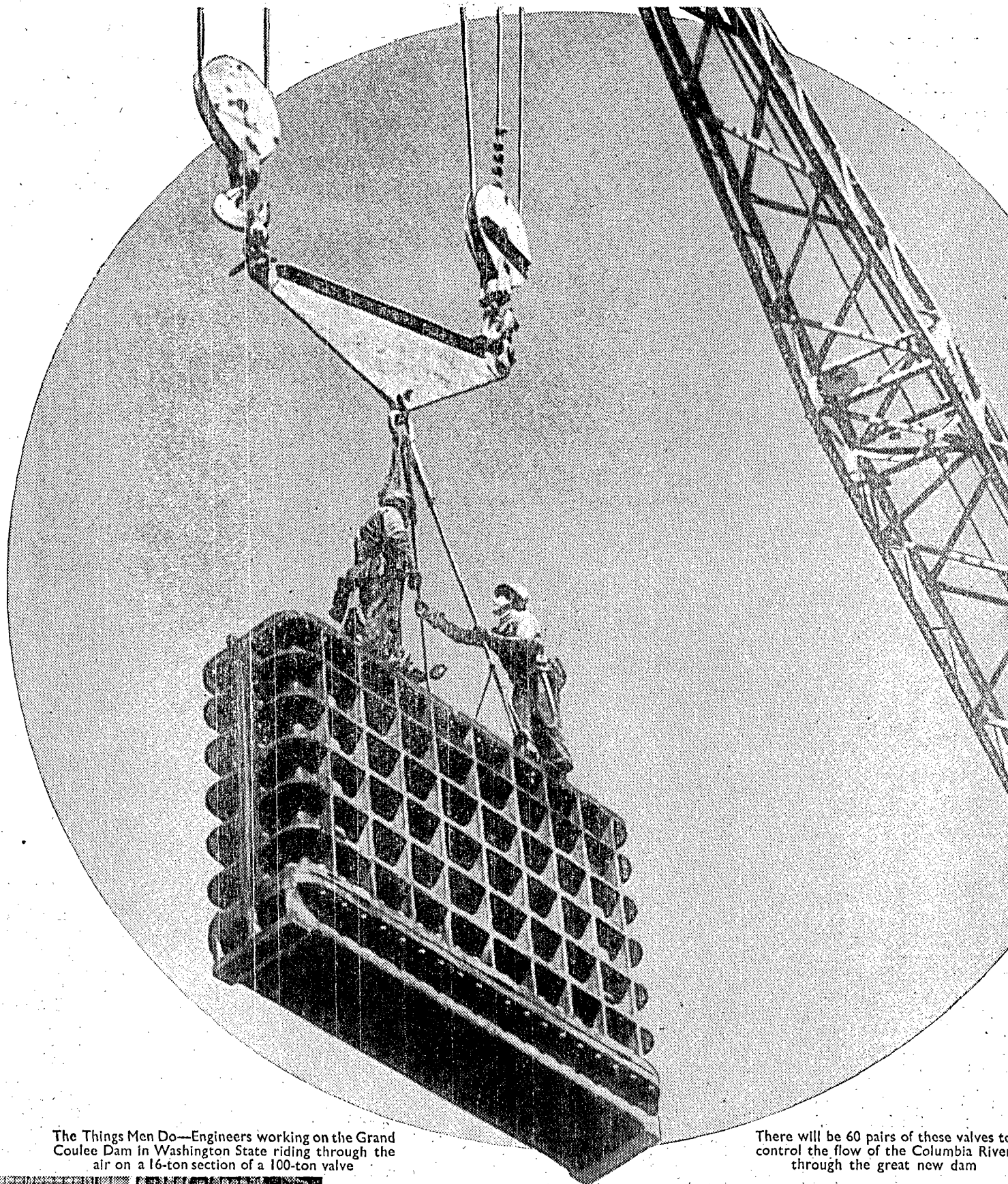
# folk Reeds • A Mid-Air Ride For the Engineers



load of freshly-cut reeds being brought in



Pensioner—Ring the bell for lunch at the house for horses at Boreham Wood, Herts.



The Things Men Do—Engineers working on the Grand Coulee Dam in Washington State riding through the air on a 16-ton section of a 100-ton valve

There will be 60 pairs of these valves to control the flow of the Columbia River through the great new dam



Seen in London—Lifeboatmen wearing their sou'-westers when they came to London to receive awards at the headquarters of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. On the right, students of London University arriving at the Albert Hall for the presentation of degrees



# EXTRAORDINARY JOHN WESLEY

## Methodism is 200 Years Old This Week

**M**ETHODISTS throughout the world are celebrating the birthday of their church this week.

There is no continent today without its followers of John Wesley, for the society he founded has now 54,000 ministers, 80,000 local preachers, nearly 100,000 preaching places, seven million Sunday School scholars, and 11 million members. This great host of every kindred, tribe, and tongue is rejoicing now because of what happened in a little room in London in the 18th century.

### His Heart Strangely Warmed

It was on May 24, 1738, that Wesley, at a Moravian Mission in Aldersgate Street, felt his heart strangely warmed. He had a vision of a shining truth, and there and then was kindled within him a fire which never went out. It was this fire which set other hearts ablaze, and was the real beginning of the amazing revival of religion which swept not only England, but the world.

The founder of Methodism was truly one of the most astonishing of all Englishmen.

His father, who was rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire, had made many enemies by preaching against the misdoings of the people. More than once they had tried to burn his house down, and one night they succeeded.

### Rescued From the Fire

Roused by a cry of Fire! there was barely time for him and his wife and children to rush down the blazing staircase. When they reached the ground one of the children was found to be missing, but it was too late to go back. Suddenly a frightened face was seen at an upper window. There was no ladder, but some of the neighbours bent their backs for a man to climb on their shoulders and to reach up and rescue the child; as he did so the roof fell in.

With his house like a beacon lighting up the darkness, the father gathered his family about him, and speaking calmly to his neighbours he said, "Come, Let us kneel down and give God thanks. He has given me my children; let the house go."

He was Samuel Wesley, and the child that had been rescued so miraculously was John, who was destined to make many hearts glow with a new fervour.

In all this his mother saw the hand of God, and, believing John

intended by Providence for some great task, she trained him with much care. A strange, stern woman, she had little tenderness, for her boast was that all her 19 children cried softly. Often she would beat them, but there must have been something fine about her, for they all loved her.

A serious and clever lad, John was sent to Charterhouse School, where he had a hard time in his first years, with little more than dry bread to eat. Life was easier for him when he went to Oxford.

Soon after his father died John went as a missionary to Georgia. His plain, blunt speaking was not a success, and in less than two years he came back to England feeling that he had a great work to do, but hardly knowing what it was. Then it was, at the Aldersgate mission just 200 years ago, that he saw what he believed to be God's plan for his future unfolded before his eyes. He began preaching in a way that astonished all.

### In Epworth Churchyard

Though at first he hated the idea, John Wesley preached outside as well as inside the churches. When he went to Epworth the parson shut the church door in his face; but John was not to be deterred, and preached to a congregation in the churchyard, using his father's tombstone as a pulpit.

He was never tired. He was the apostle of a new faith, or of an old faith revitalised by his own vigour and joy. He set England singing, but he was not so carried away by his fervour that he forgot to be methodical. He did everything in a quiet manner, getting through more work in a week than most men could get through in a month. Year after year, in summer and winter, he travelled the highways and byways of England. He did not wait for men and women to come to him; he went to them. His gospel was that men could be born again, a gospel sorely needed in his day; for, though Britain was winning brilliant victories abroad, she had the dark shadow of ignorance and crime at home.

To a people perishing because they had no vision came John Wesley, giving his all to save the souls of men and women, but not forgetting their bodies. He preached a crusade against dirt and disease. He fought poverty and drink. He tried to alleviate the misery of the poor. He was a pioneer of the abolition of slums. He taught the people to fear God and to love

goodness. He wanted them to be honest, cleanly, independent. They were to be fit for the Kingdom of Heaven by being fit to be citizens of the Empire.

There never was such a campaign as that which John Wesley carried on for half a century. It covered England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It took him to the Continent, to the crowded cities, and to the lonely hamlets. He preached 40,000 sermons, travelled 250,000 miles. In an England where good roads were scarce and in an age without railways he travelled as few men have travelled before or since. He went almost everywhere on horseback, riding over moors, across trackless marshes, and through mountain passes. It was never too hot for him to preach, and never too cold. The child rescued from the burning house became the plain man on horseback who set hundreds of thousands of hearts aglow.

Many of his sermons are masterpieces of pulpit oratory, but often they were homely discourses about everyday things. A cultured gentleman, with wit and humour, his zeal and directness won the hearts of the roughest and most ignorant.

He wrote books about health and disease. He made a dictionary, and published English, French, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars. He wrote as a scholar about the Bible. He loved music and singing and gave us hymns that are sung

today. His sermons were read as soon as they were printed. His pen earned him over £30,000, but he kept only enough for the necessities of his life and work and gave the rest away. One of the notable things he did was to keep a Journal of his doings and travels. It is a living picture of the England he knew as few other men have ever known it. We have the joy of reading the stirring incidents in the life of this man who never wasted a moment.

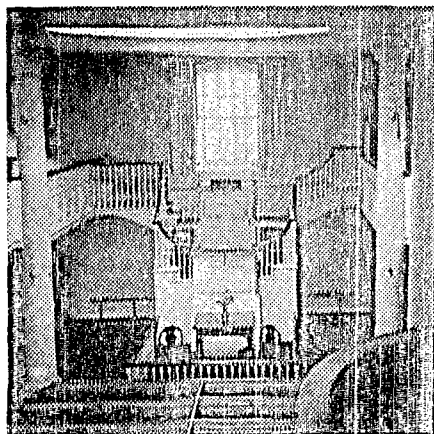
### Minutes Wisely Used

That was one of his secrets. He filled nearly 90 years with minutes wisely used. He was up with the lark at four o'clock in the morning every day for half a century, and at five he would hold his first service. He thought preaching at five in the morning one of the most healthy exercises in the world. Week after week he rode 90 miles a day, and he learned to sleep on the floor.

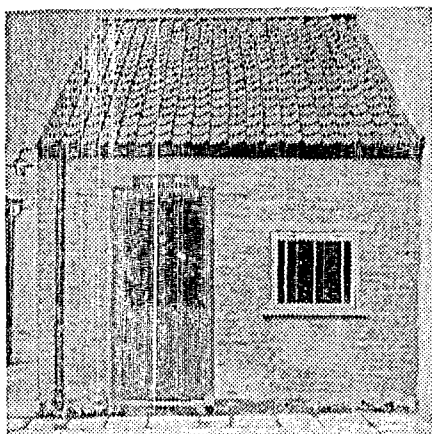
He lived to see his great work crowned with blessing. When he was over 70 he preached in the open air to 30,000 people, his clear, ringing voice plainly heard. When he was over 80 he could say he had had only one sleepless night, and was able to continue his campaign with the experience of a veteran and the joyous spirit of youth. He was 88 when he preached his last sermon at Leatherhead. His task was accomplished, his long day done.



John Wesley on his horse outside his old stable at Bristol



Links with Wesley at Bristol—the oldest Wesleyan Chapel in the world, now used by the Welsh Calvinists; and Wesley's stable





## AFTER 1300 YEARS History Is Repeating Itself

It is thrilling news that Iona is to become the headquarters of a new missionary campaign.

Who does not know its story? An island of the Inner Hebrides, and a near neighbour of the famous island of Staffa on Scotland's rugged west coast, Iona always brings to mind the early days of Christianity in our land. We think of St Columba who landed on Iona in 563 and began to build a monastery there. To that house of prayer went devout young men, and from that house of prayer men with hearts aflame went out to carry the Gospel far and wide.

Astonishing as it must seem, Iona is to become a missionary centre again, for after 1300 years this little island, less than four miles long and not two miles broad, is to start a new campaign.

Very different are the days in which we live from those St Columba knew, but the need is the same now as then; and in Scotland it is realised that an army must be raised if new conquests are to be made. Because of this Dr. G. F. Macleod, one of a family which has served the Church of Scotland for 400 years, is to leave Govan for Iona in July.

In Govan, where he is minister of the parish church, Dr Macleod has a comfortable house and an income of £1000 a year, but when he arrives in Iona to establish the new missionary settlement he will live in a log cabin and receive nothing but his expenses. His duty will be to train and inspire young ministers who will spend a little time in Iona before being sent out, as St Columba's disciples were sent out, to carry the Gospel to new housing areas.

The Church of Scotland is facing a grave crisis. Nearly half the population, it is believed, has moved into new areas in the last 20 years, and as these areas have together no more than 30 churches there is now only one minister for every 40,000 people. It is to remedy this evil that Iona is to become a missionary centre again.

## The Icefloe Dog

After all the rough and tumble life Jolly has led on an icefloe in the Far North he is now enjoying a degree of luxury which rarely comes to even the most fortunate dogs.

Every dog has its day, is the old saying, and jolly days they are for this famous dog, which was with the Russian scientists during their astonishing nine months of drifting in the Arctic. He is an Eskimo dog, and therefore used to roughing life in the open; but now he is the great attraction of the Moscow Zoo, his master, Ivan Papanin, only allowing him to be exhibited after being assured that Jolly would be treated like a lord. At his master's request, he has a kennel ventilated by electric fans which switch on automatically as soon as the temperature begins to rise; and he has an artificially cooled swimming-pool in which to exercise.

## Why Sudeten?

Many readers of the CN have been enquiring why the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia are called the Sudeten Germans.

They are named after a mountain range, the Sudeten Gebirge, which, extending from the valley of the Elbe to that of the Oder, forms the north-eastern frontier of Czecho-Slovakia with Germany. The highest peaks are Schneekoppe, 5260 feet, and Brunnenberg, 5120 feet, and the whole range is rich in forests and very beautiful.

In this area Germans form over 50 per cent of the population, but they also form the majority in the north-west and south-west boundary regions of the Czecho-Slovak State, the name originally given to a portion of the 3,500,000 having now been made to embrace all Germans in that country.

## The Story of 39 Pictures A NEIGHBOURLY THING WE MIGHT DO

IN the Tate Gallery, Millbank, are some beautiful paintings which would look better in Dublin.

They were collected by Sir Hugh Lane, an Irishman who lived in England, and he continually said he would give them to Ireland. But the Dublin Councilors in a fit of economy would not build a proper gallery to house these paintings by the French masters of the late 19th century, and Sir Hugh in a fit of annoyance put our National Gallery down in his will as a better place for exhibiting them.

Sir Hugh went down in the Lusitania before he could change his will, though most of his friends declared he had changed his mind; and consequently the paintings, at that time lent by him to the National Gallery, remained there. Afterwards a codicil to his will was found bequeathing the pictures to Dublin if a suitable gallery were built. But the codicil, though signed, was not witnessed, and so the British Government, relying on this legal point, decided to keep what it had got.

## Mews or Mewses?

ONE of our Judges has recently given permission for an appeal against a verdict in an action tried before him, holding that the law under which the verdict was returned is in need of amendment by Parliament.

Sometimes, however, Parliament is itself responsible for error, and those who peep and prow in the older parts of Marylebone may possibly still find evidence on which to convict our legislators. We have but to glance at Arthur Mee's London volume to remember that Marylebone is a wonderland to itself, the home of the great surgeons and physicians of Harley Street and Wimpole Street, of the headquarters of broadcasting, the setting of the world's most famous shops, and (most romantic of all to boys) the capital of Cricket, headquarters of the M.C.C., which gives the laws of the game to the whole cricket-playing world.

Somewhere in the parish there must survive one of those old plates on which were set out the regulations governing the control of the teeming mews there. Many of these buildings are now converted into dwellings, but formerly they housed the horses of all the wealthy people in the parish, together with those of the great tradesmen, and it was necessary that they should be strictly controlled by authority.

## A Baron's Letters to a Queen

THE members of our Royal Family have acted with liberality and candour in permitting authors of repute to examine and publish royal letters, but it has been decided that a number of letters written by Queen Victoria during the early days of her reign are not to be broadcast to the world.

They are those she wrote to Baron Stockmar, "My dear old Baron," as she used to call him. Stockmar first came to England in attendance on her much-loved Uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, and he remained to be for 15 years the closest private adviser of the girl Queen and Prince Albert.

He was a faithful, honourable man, but had been bred to the life of an autocratic German Court, and when it was found that he was advising the young Queen that a British sovereign should be her own Minister the Queen's Government had to intervene.

Our own Government has now deemed it expedient that the letters written by a young and inexperienced sovereign to her German adviser should not be

The majority of the 39 pictures by such masters as Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Honoré, Daumier, Daubigny, Forain, Manet, Monet, Pissarro, and the Italian painter Mancini, were removed to the Tate Gallery. They form a part of the collection of foreign paintings hung there. It is an important part, but there are others of the same schools and period just as good. The Tate Gallery would not be so very much poorer without them. Dublin would be very much richer if it had them.

Why should we not give them to Ireland? It would be a graceful, a generous and, many Englishmen and all Irishmen would add, a just act. We have just concluded a £10,000,000 bargain with Ireland. Why should we not add the 39 pictures of the Lane Bequest as a sort of luck-penny to clinch the bargain?

There are some things which are fair but are not pretty. Keeping the Lane pictures is one of them. There are some acts of grace which will move mountains of grievances. The return of the pictures to Ireland is that kind of gesture.

So wherever mews existed the code of regulations was posted up. Each was described as "Regulations for Mewses." Now originally a single stable or place for other livestock was called a mew, and two or more such places were called mews, but in course of time the word mews was applied to describe one or a hundred such establishments. Yet Marylebone described them in the plural as mewses.

The word was challenged in print by a famous scholar, who was answered by Professor Dundas Thomson, to whom the country owed an immense debt for his researches into cattle feeding, sanitation, and the purity of water supply. He was the scholarly medical officer of health for Marylebone, and he had issued the regulation for Marylebone mews.

But, he said, when his orders were being passed for printing the legal authority had in each case, to his great indignation, substituted mewses for mews on the ground that they were irrevocably bound by an Act of Parliament passed in 1795, which so spelled the word throughout.

So for years Marylebone, by what was supposed to be the compulsion of Parliament, proclaimed a word that nobody but a Parliamentary draftsman ever so spelt, and some of these old notices must still exist on secluded walls.

given to a world which would not understand the circumstances in which they were written, and the German Government, courteously agreeing, has forbidden the finder of the letters to make them public.

There must exist many letters written by the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, that we should not care for Germans to read. She grew up from infancy with a bitter grievance. The day of her birth (August 17, 1786) was that on which died Frederick of Prussia, the most terrible figure in Europe of his time, and the anniversary of his death was always kept as a day of mourning.

So it was that the girl never had a birthday festival, and as a result she grew up with a passionate hate of the Prussians!

It probably seemed to add distinction to their status for her family to have for a kinsman the terrible Frederick; but it created an undying wrath in the heart of the girl whose birthday was always an occasion of sighs and melancholy.

## CALAIS HONOURS A TOURIST

### Arthur Young's Travels

Calais has been remembering the most famous of English tourists, Arthur Young, though it is 150 years since he wrote about this port.

On the very Quai de Colonne where he landed from the cross-Channel sailing ship in 1787 Calais is putting up a medallion portrait of him. It is a handsome tribute to the first Englishman who gave the idea to his countrymen that France was a goodly land to travel in.

His sprightly Travels in France has nothing to compare with it as a traveller's companion, except George Borrow's book on The Bible in Spain. It was of much greater interest at the time because, owing to the war with Napoleon, the wealthy travelling Englishman could no longer visit the country, and the middle-class Englishman knew almost as little of France as the Frenchman knew about England. Young mentions that a Frenchman asked him if there were trees in England.

### The Perceptive Eye

Young's descriptions of France would have left no scope for ignorance in any who scanned his pages. He had the perceptive eye and the hospitable mind which saw what was worth seeing and worth recalling: the little pictures of the old woman gathering grass by the wayside for her cow, the barefooted poor people, the farmers sleeping over their cows for warmth, the life of the inns. All these engaged his lively pen.

But he could be serious as well, and his accounts of the condition of the people, the price of provisions, the mode of living, housing, clothing, churches, with here and there a portrait of a famous man or a handsome woman thrown in to enliven the tale, make his Travels a reference book and a history.

William Cobbett's ride in England might be put by the side of it, but Arthur Young, politician, economist, agriculturist, rural authority, was a much finer writer than Cobbett, and an equally energetic reformer. The burghers of Calais may know little of this side of his life and character, but they recognise in him the first Englishman to make "tourism" popular in France.

## A Lobster in Search of Freedom

One of the best known "pot" fishermen on the Chesil Beach, Portland, was rowing into West Bay not long ago after a good haul of crabs and lobsters.

So good had it been that they would not all go into his baskets, some being laid on the bottom of the boat. It was a heavy row and seemed to get harder as he pulled for home.

Suddenly he realised that the boat was filling with water and in danger of sinking. Hurriedly lifting the bottom boards he found a big lobster with one claw gripping the plug which it had pulled out of the drainage hole.

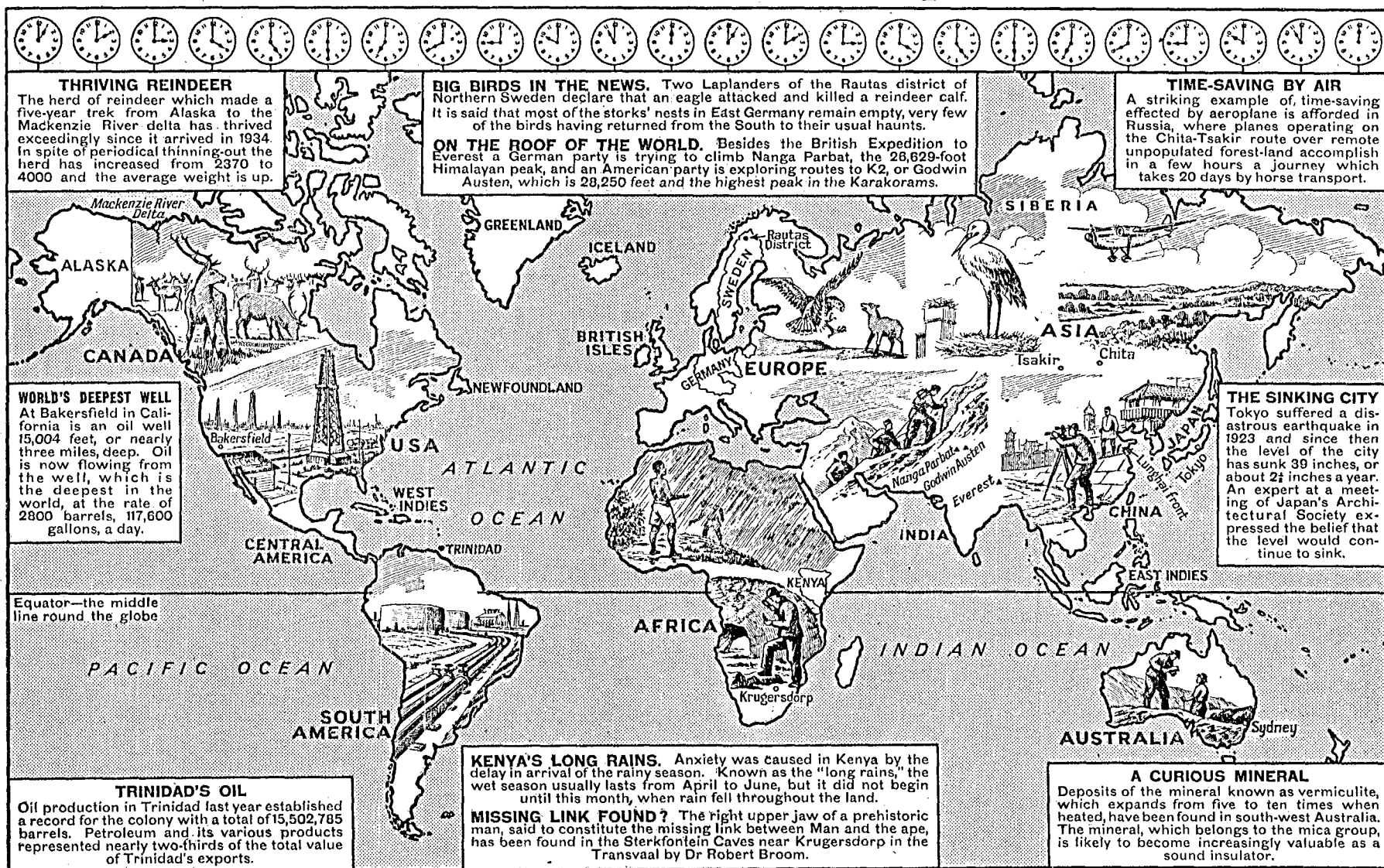
## Cockle Shells and Secrets

Amid the ceaseless roar of London's traffic along Whitehall one would hardly expect to find a modest cockle shell.

Cadogan House, Pelham House, and Cromwell House are being cleared for new Government offices, and when the floorboards above the ceiling were taken up layer upon layer of cockle shells were found. It is thought they were put there to make the room below soundproof, the State officials of the 18th century probably using this method of keeping State secrets from reaching any eavesdropper who placed his ears on the floorboard above their heads. In a letter from Mr Gilbert Coleridge we learn that his house at Kew Green has a similar device.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## COME AND SPEND The Nations Attracting Tourists

Come and Spend with Us! say many nations, in advertisements in the newspapers and on brilliant posters.

Come and see our marvellous attractions, say the Governments of Ruritania, Bellairia, Montalba, Scenaria, and other great nations. We have the highest mountains, the bluest seas, the finest cities, the best cooked food, the jolliest sports, in the world! Do not miss the opportunity to spend plenty of money with us!

The fact is that it is very important, in these days, when trade is nearly killed between them, for nations to attract tourist traffic. The tourist, spending his money in Ruritania, enables Ruritania to pay for part of her necessary imports. By obtaining the tourist's custom, it is as good for Ruritania as if she had sold exports and thereby obtained the means to buy imports.

It is probable that in 1938 the total expenditure of tourists in European lands will amount to between five and seven per cent of the aggregate value of their imports of goods.

### Flying to Alaska

The aeroplane has made an important difference to Alaska.

Till quite recently the mining season was limited to less than six months in the year, but now men and machinery can be flown to the camps at least two months before the waterways or passes are open, and men can fly south again in the autumn much later than in the old days. It is on record that one mining company removed its 185 men in camp in two days by carrying them over a mountain by air, though the journey through the passes would have been delayed for weeks owing to the deep snow.

## Keeping an Eye on the Cobra

A terrifying experience has befallen a farm worker as he was sleeping in an outhouse belonging to a farmer of Klaarfontein, in South Africa.

He was awakened by hearing a strange lapping which he took to be caused by a pet lamb straying into his room for milk. He was about to get out of bed to investigate, when something cold slithered across his face. He knew that it must be a snake, and with great presence of mind he kept perfectly still.

In the moonlight he could make out the coils of a great cobra. It slithered to the end of the bed and coiled up there, and each time the man made an attempt to leave the bed the snake rose and prepared to strike. For four hours the man lay watching the cobra, and at last he saw the cobra slithering towards him. With a great effort he threw the blanket over the reptile, leaped out of bed, and fled from the room.

### Heroic Blackfellow

A story of the great bravery of the aborigines has come from Arnhem Land, in the north of Australia.

It happened that some natives were fishing in a fragile canoe a little way off the mouth of the Liverpool River when their craft was overturned by a shark. They all managed to reach the beach, but had to leave their canoe, their most treasured possession, behind.

One of the aborigines said he would swim out and get it, but when he was only halfway there he was attacked by the same ferocious shark. Seeing him in such grave danger his friends immediately rushed into the surf and managed to drive off the shark and bring the injured man to shore. They carried him to the Milingimbi Mission Station, and there he has recovered.

## The Lady of Mercy.

Many Spanish soldiers on the northern front in Spain owe their lives to the self-sacrificing labours of an Englishwoman, Miss G. Herbert.

Miss Herbert has been in Spain since October 1936, working most of the time in the front line. She went out with an ambulance unit not officially recognised at first, but soon built up her unit into a hospital of 100 beds, and this is now definitely attached to the Brigade of Navarre.

She states that her greatest enemy has been gangrene. Every wound from machine-gun fire or air bombing is liable to gangrene.

An anti-toxin is used to combat this disease, but it is very expensive. It costs about 10s an injection, and Miss Herbert relates that one man was given 800 injections before he was saved.

Malaria has also been a terrible scourge; between 5000 and 6000 cases were dealt with at the hospital.

## The Things That Can Be Done

We have received the full story of a photograph we published last week of a dinghy sent by air.

It seems that Mr Horace Bradford of Bromley was on his way from Southend to Copenhagen in his yacht Avon, and, finding that he had lost his dinghy, put into Antwerp and telephoned to London for a new one. He was told that the order could be supplied at once and they would send it by air.

That evening International Air Freight collected the dinghy and took it to Croydon. It left at 6.45 the next morning for Brussels, where it was met by a delivery van, and it reached the yachtsman in Antwerp within 24 hours of his telephone message. The transport cost was £2, plus a charge of 1s 3d for insurance.

## STICKING IN THE MUD Japan's Awkward Position

Japan looks suspiciously like having caught a Tartar in China.

When the reports from the two sides are contradictory it is not easy, or even possible, to come at the truth, but one thing is certain, the Japanese were held up for three months on the Lunghai front. The meaning of this delay needs a map to interpret it, but anyone can see that the war has not been going according to plan; though the Japanese forces have at last met with success on this front.

When the Japanese landed a large and very efficient army in China, without a declaration of war, and found the Chinese quite unprepared to resist, progress on Japanese lines was easy. They had nothing to beat, and, by demolishing Chinese cities within easy reach and bombing their crowded civilian populations, emphasised their threat to beat China to her knees.

She is not there yet, and in Tokyo, where the failure can no longer be concealed, the Army is being urged to make stronger efforts; and China cannot hope with her unconsolidated armies to drive Japan back to the sea. On the other hand, Japan can stay only where she is at a ruinous expense of men and money.

This war in one respect resembles the other war which shook the world 24 years ago. The German Crown Prince anticipated a "frische und frolesche" war, a merry and bright war to last three weeks, or months, at most. It lasted four years, and ruined Germany.

It is harder to end a war than to begin it. Japan is finding that she has only just begun.



## A TOTAL ECLIPSE NO ONE MAY SEE Arrival of Gale's Comet

By the C N Astronomer

There will be a total eclipse of the Sun which no one is likely to witness on May 29.

The reason is that it will be visible only in regions bordering the Antarctic where mid-winter is approaching and the Sun will appear above the horizon for a very brief time. The line of totality extends over the South Sandwich and the South Orkney Islands, but all these are normally uninhabited, and not likely to have any visitors at this time of the year.

As an almost total eclipse, however, the inhabitants of lonely Tristan da Cunha and the Falkland Islands will enjoy an impressive sight if the day proves fine.

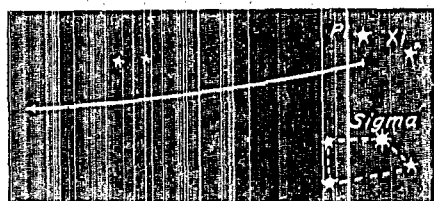
### A Sphere of Luminous Mist

The long-expected Gale's Comet has returned after its long trek of over 2000 million miles. It is now heading for the more exciting regions surrounding the Sun. More exciting is indeed the case as regards the comet, for though at present Gale's comet appears very hazy and tranquil, just a sphere of luminous mist with neither tail nor bright nucleus, these additions are likely to develop as the comet gets nearer to the Sun.

Just now the comet is travelling through Sagittarius, as shown in the star-map; this region is at present visible low in the south-east after about 11 o'clock, the comet therefore being badly placed for observation. Owing to part of the comet's orbit passing near to that of Jupiter, the comet appears to have been retarded by that planet's gravitational pull, and so did not reappear as expected, being about two months late.

The absence of a tail is not unusual when a comet is far from the Sun and approaching, but as it draws nearer the tail, together with the bright starlike nucleus which is in the centre of the advancing head, gradually develops and so we get the more popular idea of a comet.

Now it is known that the tail depends for its existence upon the head and that



The path of Gale's Comet through the stars of Sagittarius from May 22 to June 4

both result from a curious gathering together of the innumerable particles composing the more or less spherical coma, or hazy ball of luminous mist. This singularly shrinks as it nears the Sun, and a brilliant centre develops where the innumerable particles crowd in a terrific and increasing commotion. Even in large comets such as Halley's, this brilliant nucleus and centre of great turmoil may not be more than 500 miles in diameter, yet it produces great emanations of exceedingly rarefied elements which are to a certain extent self-luminous and will extend for many millions of miles.

This is the so-called tail which presents the remarkable spectacle of always stretching away from the Sun. So, whereas the Sun draws the comet's head towards himself by his gravitational pull, he at the same time drives the comet's tail away in the opposite direction by the force of his intense radiation or light pressure. Consequently, on receding from the Sun the tail always precedes the head of the comet and a progressive atrophy of the comet takes place at each return until it ceases to exist, and only its debris in the form of meteors is left. G. F. M.

## GERMANY'S NAVY A Peace Note

Amid all the alarms of our time, how easy it is to forget the points that make for peace.

Not the least of these is the fact that in June 1935 the German Government undertook not to build a Navy larger than one-third of the British Navy.

In the House of Commons the other day a member asked whether Germany was carrying out this agreement, and was answered Yes.

The First Lord of the Admiralty added these important words:

*The German Government has not yet laid down the battleships they are entitled to lay down in accordance with the Naval Treaty.*

That is to say, the German Government has more than kept its word. The German Navy is less than one-third as strong as ours, and in a year's time will not equal a fourth of ours.

## A Voice From Pitcairn

We were noting the other day that the children of Pitcairn Island signal to each other by whistling the Morse Code.

Very early one Saturday morning not long ago a radio operator in America picked up the call letters V R A. Not recognising them as any station he knew, he hunted through his log book but could not trace them, and he therefore called back, received an answer, and found that he was in communication with Pitcairn Island, 6000 miles away.

In a two-hour conversation he learnt that the wireless telephone transmitting set had only been installed there two or three days, and at the request of one of the engineers responsible for the installation he telephoned to the engineer's mother (who lived some miles away), and by holding the telephone transmitter close to the receiver he enabled her to hear her son's voice.

## The Yorkshire Dales By Night

One of the hazards of night motoring in the Yorkshire dales is the presence of sheep lying on the tarmac roads joining common land.

Scores are to be seen in a mile, and the reason they seek the road is that the surface keeps the daytime heat longer than the moorland. The road apparently gives so comforting a warmth that the sheep give way to a car only at the last moment.

Settle Rural Council is asking that warning signs may be erected along moorland roads in their area, and one member humorously suggested that the sheep should wear red reflectors.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of May 1913

**A City Under the Sea.** A romantic discovery has been accidentally made in the north of the Aegean Sea. A lieutenant of the Greek Navy, while making observations round the east end of the island of Lemnos, chanced to look deep down into the clear water, and—found a city! There below him were the ruins, clearly showing beneath the waves, and a hasty examination proved that the water washes over the remains of an ancient city, which even now measures some three miles in circumference.

Lemnos is an island made up of a group of extinct volcanoes. The greatest of these, Mosykhlos, has been active within times recorded by history, but not the others. It would seem, then, that within historic times Lemnos must have been considerably larger, with a city at its eastern extremity. Some great volcanic eruption must have caused this part of the island to sink below sea-level.

## SHADOWS

With the coming of the bright sunny days the shadows are back again.

We do well to remember that shadows play a great part in making up the beauty of the world in which we live. Often we sing the praise of sunshine, and always we are glad that the world is full of colour; but the truth is that no scene would be so beautiful were it not for the shadows and half-lights.

It is the shadows which make what is bathed in sunshine stand out boldly; which lend softness to a country scene, or give grandeur to a rugged cliff with its buttresses of light and shade. It is the long shadows of early morning and the blue and purple shadows of summer evenings which are half the charm of dawn and dusk.

### Two Men and a Donkey

From Ancient Greece comes a droll story of two men who quarrelled over a donkey's shadow. Very simple fellows they must have been, for Demosthenes tells us that a young Athenian once hired a donkey for a journey, but he had not gone far before the noonday sun was so hot that he could do no other than dismount and lie down to rest. He stretched himself in the shadow of the donkey, but had not been there long before the owner of the animal came along and compelled the traveller to get up. "You hired the donkey," said he, "but not the donkey's shadow. You have no right to use that."

From the beginning of time shadows have interested thinking men. It was by a shadow on a dial that time was measured for many centuries. The possession of a shadow, the birthright of kings and beggars, has been the subject of countless stories, among them the old tale of the man who sold his shadow. When Philip of Macedon, puffed up with pride after a notable victory, sent a haughty letter to the King of Sparta the king replied: If you measure your shadow you will find it no greater than before. And when Alexander the Great asked Diogenes if there was anything he could do for him the old sage who lived in a tub replied that he might stand out of his light.

### Mankind in a Cave

Plato speaks of human beings as living in a kind of cave in which they do not see the actual shapes of things but only their shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws upon the opposite wall.

There is the famous line in which Thomas De Quincey reminds us of the change and decay which are for ever going on, for he says: Even the shadow of the pyramids grows less. And all down the years life, ever brief and fleeting, has been compared with a shadow. Shakespeare tells us that we come like shadows, so depart. Chaucer says that life passes as a shadow upon the wall. Edmund Burke immortalised the saying, What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue. And the Bible tells us the solemn truth: Our days on earth are as a shadow.

## A Holiday For 100 Men

Many organisations are now busy at work on schemes for giving unemployed men and women a holiday.

A splendid example is that of the students of King's College, who are to give 100 unemployed men a camping holiday at Morpeth, Northumberland. During their stay there the men will help in the excavation work which is going on at the ancient castle.

## MILK BEATS BISCUITS

### A Test With 8000 Children

Eight thousand children in schools in Wolverhampton, Luton, Burton-on-Trent, Huddersfield, and Renfrewshire have been the subject of investigation by the Milk Nutrition Committee. They were divided into four groups:

1. 2000 who received no milk but got biscuits instead.
2. 2000 who received a third of a pint of pasteurised milk every day.
3. 2000 who received two-thirds of a pint of pasteurised milk.
4. 2000 who received two-thirds of a pint of ordinary milk.

The children were tested for a year, and weighed, measured, and medically examined at the beginning and end of the period, as well as at two other dates.

Definite increases (small but rising) were registered as the investigation passed from the groups of children whose school ration was biscuit to the groups whose ration was a third of a pint of milk, and again from these to the groups whose ration was two thirds.

During the year boys with biscuits as a school ration increased their initial height over 4 per cent and their initial weight by nearly 11 per cent, while boys with two-thirds of a pint of milk increased their height by over 4 per cent and their weight by 12. Girls with biscuits as a ration increased their initial height by nearly 5 per cent and their initial weight by nearly 13 per cent; girls with two-thirds of a pint of milk increased their height by 4 per cent and their weight by about 14 per cent.

By recording chest measurements and pulling power it was found that children getting a third of a pint of milk gained 5 per cent more in chest measurement and 6 per cent more in pull than those who got biscuits. Two-thirds of a pint of milk produced 10 per cent more increase of chest measurement and 6 per cent more "pull" than biscuits.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

A broadcast from Bernard Shaw's play about Joan of Arc is to be given on Tuesday afternoon, with a first-rate cast.

In Friday's feature programme some foreign visitors to Glasgow will give their impressions of the Empire Exhibition.

### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Natural Environment: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Junior Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.25 The Press: by K. C. Boswell and Alf. 2.5 The Nature Detective—Keeping Records: by W. W. Williams. 2.30 Scenes I and III from Bernard Shaw's St Joan. 3.0 Elgar and the Orchestra: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 The Closed Door: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Instinct: by H. M. Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 France in the Field: by E. M. Stéphan. 2.5 Village Workers and their Homes (1). 2.30 Diet: by Moira Meighn.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Fairy Tale Germany: by Vincent Alford. 2.30 British Empire Exhibition. 2.55 An Indian Folk Tale and a Play for Puppets. 3.15 Next Week's Music: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Eire and Northern Ireland: by Stephen Gwynn.

### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (David's Vowel): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 Highland Croft: by W. G. Ogg. 2.30 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—The Struggle for Life: by A. D. Peacock. 3.10 Songs of the U.S.A.—(1) Plantation Songs; (2) Hill Billy Songs: arranged and presented by Herbert Wiseman.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Groups of Notes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Insect Colonies: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—Reform: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Geography of Europe—Workshops (3) Smoking Chimneys: by J. E. G. Burgoyne. 2.55 As National.



## ON SECRET SERVICE

By John Mowbray

## The New Squire

## CHAPTER 4

## Dust in His Eyes

ARRIVED on the links, David found the work in full swing.

Proceeding, he introduced himself to the foreman, a taciturn man, who marched him about a little, and then, excusing himself, conducted him off the ground. There was nothing which David had seen so much out of the common as was the face of John Burden when he got back. For Burden's face had hitherto been frank and friendly. But now it looked sheepish.

"I'm sorry. I shall need your room, sir," he muttered.

David did some rapid thinking before he responded. Then he said, "It can't be helped, Burden. But I'd like to see a bit more of this part of Yorkshire, so I wonder," he went on, with a confiding air, "whether you could suggest somewhere to stop? I mean some jolly little place or other, not expensive, where they'd make me as comfortable as you've done."

John Burden considered. "Well, if I were you, sir," he replied, "I'd walk on to Thorpe Norton. It's a nice bit of walk, and when you're there you might ask at Robin Hood Farm."

"Do they put people up there?"

"Nay, I can't say offhand, sir. But the squire tells me they might."

"Mr Tarvy! What's he to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing, sir—nothing," Burden rejoined, rather hurriedly. "But it just happened that I mentioned that you were leaving because I'd want your room for another guest, and he said at once to tell you to try Robin Hood Farm in Thorpe Norton."

The voice of honest John Burden, but the hand of Tarvy! Tarvy desired to keep him out of the way.

This brought David's suspicions back in a surge. Not only was Tarvy up to no good with his golf links, but Tarvy was beginning to fear for himself.

And now David debated—should he go to that farm, thus putting his head into the lion's mouth, so to speak? He would. And off he set across the hills to Thorpe Norton.

He came to the farm at sunset. He had liked its name, but he didn't like its neglected appearance. However, here he was. When he knocked on the door it was opened so quickly that they might have been on the watch for him.

The room to which he was shown, after striking his bargain with the elderly man and his wife who appeared the sole occupants, contained, as he found after supper, a waste-paper basket. Here was evidence that the farm did cater for visitors. It was as he was moving this basket out of his way that his eye was caught by a scrap or two of torn paper entangled in the wicker mesh of the basket.

Releasing these scraps, which looked like part of a letter, he carried them to the full light and examined them. Although they were not sufficient to make any sense he put them away, with a thoughtful smile, in his pocket-case.

The next morning he announced that he'd be out all day. Provided with sandwiches, he took the road toward the hills, but when well out of sight of the farm he changed his direction. His course was now set for Market Weighton, where, hiring a car, he was speedily carried to York. Here, after idly rambling the streets as a tourist might ramble and craning his neck at the Minster, he edged for the post office and darted inside. There with the aid of his pocket-book he wrote a telegram. In code.

A full day to wait before the post could bring him an answer. Yet when he duly fetched it it was worth while. Although all the envelope contained was a half-sheet of notepaper with some spidery and faded writing upon it. But how it made David's eyes kindle.

It was late when he got back to Robin Hood Farm, yet not too late for a boisterous welcome to meet him. For as he came up the path the door was flung open and, with the lamplight streaming behind him, out strode Mr Tarvy. He slipped his arm within David's and steered him inside.

"Oh, my dear lad!" he boomed. "We were anxious. We thought that you'd lost yourself!"

"No, I'm all right," smiled David.

"And where have you been? Where have you been all this long day? They told me in Market Weighton you'd hired a car! Or a lad very like you—"

"Perhaps my double," said David, still smiling. "Everyone has doubles, they say,

Mr Tarvy. You'll be springing one next." And he looked the man full in the face.

"Not I!" uttered Tarvy, bluffly. "Not I, my good Renwick. My good David Renwick. From London. Sharp as a needle, eh?" He returned David's look, and motioned the farmer from the room.

"And now, lad," said Tarvy, as soon as they were alone, "it's time, I think, that you and I had a show-down. I want to know your object in snooping around here."

"Am I in your way?"

"I should say not!" said Tarvy, laughing loudly. "But it reached my ears that when you were in Castle Shamrock you slipped out one night on the spy round my golf links. Oh, yes, you were seen, my lad, though you little suspected it. Now consider! I had promised to take you round the links myself the next morning. Are you astonished that your behaviour started me wondering?"

"About what?"

"About this," Tarvy said forcibly. "There's a certain group of property speculators in York who've had their eye on Castle Shamrock some time. Secretly they've been working to buy up the land there. You follow?" He paused. "But of course you follow," he growled, "seeing that you are the bright youth they've sent to see what I'm doing." He paused again, puffed at his pipe, all the time watching David. "So that's what you're after," he ended, thumping his fist on the table. "And tomorrow morning, my lad, you can go back to your masters and tell them with my compliments there's nothing doing."

## CHAPTER 5

## Just In Time

AN innocent man engaged in an innocent enterprise but suspecting unscrupulous rivals of trying to obstruct him might well have let fly with just such an outburst as Tarvy's. But it didn't go down with David for more than one reason, and for one in particular which lived in his pocket-case. So when he had gone up to bed he reviewed his position.

In the morning he returned boldly to Castle Shamrock, to march in upon John Burden soon after twilight. "How's your new guest?" he inquired, with his light smile. The man looked embarrassed. "I've been disappointed," he muttered. "The fellow telegraphed at the last moment not

to expect him." David nodded. "Then you can put me up for the night," he said. "Nay, I'm sorry," Burden responded, with added confusion. "But I've stripped that room, sir, for repapering."

"I see," David nodded again. And, turning upon his heel without further words, he went striding off to the gossipers on the green. "And how are your links getting on?" he asked one of them, casually. The man, who was paring a plug of tobacco, looked up. "Oh, fine!" he replied. "I hear talk as how they'll be putting a night shift on presently."

"Can they see to work at night?"

"Nay, not yet. But some girt new lights with their tackle be come from London, and the squire he'll generate his own electricity."

How strange to instal a costly system of night-lighting merely in order to speed up the work on a golf course! Of course, if a contractor were under a penalty to finish his job by a specified date it might pay him. But the squire, being his own contractor and architect, could take as long as ever he pleased with the work!

Thus reasoning, David pursued both his way and his thoughts. Convinced that Tarvy would hear of his return and come after him, he had to consider where to hide for the night. So, on the principle that a gamekeeper after a poacher would hardly be likely to look for him on his own doorstep, he struck into the lane which led to the Manor and hugging the hedgerow to keep himself out of sight, ready instantly for the ditch at the sound of a car, he came to the mellow, red wall surrounding the Manor and, scaling this very easily, he went to earth. Like a fox he went to earth, under Tarvy's nose, so to speak, but actually beneath an oak in the park, where, wrapped in his macintosh, he did well enough.

John Burden also slept well till just before dawn, when a handful of pebbles tossed on his window awoke him. He threw up the window, and there stood David below. At the latter's urgent signal John opened the door to him. David slipped in, and they talked together in undertones.

There were no more signs of David that day in Castle Shamrock, which buzzed with the news that the squire's lights were erected, and, in consequence, with brighter news still. For to mark his appreciation of his labourers' industry Squire Tarvy was to entertain them to supper at the Manor, and the villagers had been invited as well. Very considerate of him, declared Castle Shamrock. So at sunset work was aban-

doned and off they all trooped, leaving the links to look after themselves. "But no one will run away with them," the squire said jocularly.

At ten o'clock the supper was in full swing when the squire announced that he must leave them for a few minutes. "But carry on!" he told them. "The night is still young. As soon as I'm back I've a bonus or two to distribute." And, giving his pockets a slap, he went from the room.

The night was black as pitch. There were no stars at all. As soon as he came to the links he jumped from his car and went straight to the little engine-room he had built. There, with a smile to himself, he switched his new lights on.

They were curious lights. Each steel standard, shorter than customary, was crowned with a vast globe in the shape of an inverted cup. In consequence, instead of being projected up to the skies or thrown all round, their beams were deflected to the earth's surface and diffused on that surface in soft, shimmering radiance.

So placed at regular intervals round the area which Tarvy had levelled, an area large and broad enough for an aerodrome, from above those beams would convert it to a lake of light.

And there stood the solitary figure in the middle of that lake, with the dark night above and around him.

He was listening. He heard that for which he stood listening. It was the distant throb of an engine, stealthy, audible. He was watching. Now he saw that for which he was watching. A shape like the shape of a giant bird in the skies. Growing larger every second, it swept towards the earth, to come taxi-ing up to Tarvy.

But no sooner had the plane's pilot stepped from his cockpit than four other figures sprang from concealment. Their action must have been preconcerted, for without a word two launched themselves at Tarvy and two at the pilot. Thus taken by surprise, neither men showed much fight, and while John Burden and David were pinioning the one, their companions secured the other.

"For you see, sir," as David explained to Sir Richard next day, "directly I'd clinched my suspicions I saw nothing for it but to take Burden into my confidence. I knew he was patriotic and that I could trust him to bring along two friends who wouldn't talk. That was after I'd learned on the green that the big lights were ready."

"You told him first thing next morning?"

"Yes, sir. Just before dawn. Then when I was lying low in his inn he brought me word of the doings planned for that night at the Manor. So I guessed Tarvy's object must be to get the links to himself."

"On which guess you acted. But you didn't let out to Burden more than was necessary?"

"Oh, no, sir! But after we'd collared friend Tarvy I opened his eyes for him! To convince him that his game was thoroughly up, I got him to himself for a moment and informed him that we had identified him with Spinassi. And I told him how," said David, with his light smile. "After discovering those scraps of writing at the farm, which he used for the address of his secret correspondence, as he daren't risk receiving dangerous letters at the Manor, I had wired to you, I told him, for a specimen of Spinassi's writing, if you had any, and how the genuine Spinassi writing you sent me was exactly the same as the writing I'd found in the basket. 'So you,' said I, 'are Spinassi, alias Peletier.'"

"You risked that last shot, David?"

"It winged him all right, sir. He crumpled up. And, aware of your desire to avoid publicity, when we'd released that furious pilot and let him fly off again, John Burden and I popped Tarvy into his car and off we drove to Dover, where we put him on this morning's boat. Then I wired to the people on the other side to keep an eye on him."

Sir Richard considered. "Yes, I think you've done well," he pronounced. "Tarvy won't try to construct any more hidden landing-grounds in this country."

"And Tarvy's whole idea, sir?" David inquired.

"Perhaps this. Castle Shamrock's extremely remote. In event of a war our enemies may have been hoping to get three or four big passenger planes across by night with a picked force of men in them and land them on Tarvy's secret landing-place."

"Yes, sir," said David, whose face had cleared. "And they must have a light to land by which isn't visible to the neighbourhood. So Tarvy was testing the pretty plan out when I caught him, with some pilot in his pay."

"Yes, you were just in time. Good work, David!" uttered Sir Richard.

THE END

## JACKO GETS BUSY

MONKEYVILLE, never behind the times, had started a gliding club.

Big Brother Adolphus was the proud president, and Jacko was furious because he was not allowed to become a member.

"I know quite a lot about flying," he said.

Whereupon Adolphus reminded him that a sailplane and an aeroplane were two different things.



He landed with a splash in the duck pond

"Well, I could learn," persisted Jacko. "I dare say," replied Adolphus crushingly. "Besides, where's the plane to come from?"

Jacko had his own ideas about that, and, in despair of getting anything better, he persuaded Chimp to help him to make one.

They devoted all their spare time to the work, and made a lot of noise in the toolshed in the garden.

One morning, very early, they might have been seen making their way up a

steep little hill behind the town, towing a brand-new glider.

"Coo!" breathed Jacko, as they reached the top. "Look at the wind. Our luck's in."

Chimp agreed, and asked who was to try the new machine out.

"I am, of course," replied Jacko; and in he stepped. "Lay hold of her tail," he shouted, "and watch out."

"She's going like a bird," he screamed, as the glider, lifted by a gust of wind, moved away.

She may have started off like a swallow, but she soon began to drop like a hawk.

The next moment Farmer Giles, going his early round, heard a shout above his head. He looked up. Something swooped past him—and landed with a splash in the duck pond!

"I fancy," said a faint voice, "there's something faulty in the construction."



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Pepys Series



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"My boys and girls," moaned Mrs. Brown,  
"Turn every suet pudding down."  
Said Mrs. Gray, "They'll never do it  
If you use Atora Suet."



Mrs. Brown took her advice;

The children said

"This pudding's nice."

They now have pudding  
every day

Made in the Atora way.



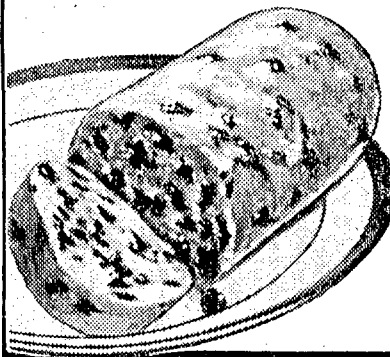
Each boy and girl is strong and bright  
With a sound and  
healthy appetite.



The difference with "Atora" is simply wonderful.

The secret is the way in which the separate tiny shreds, completely free from fibrous tissue, blend and cook evenly throughout the pudding. No uncooked portions—no large lumps—but deliciously light and dainty down to the last succulent morsel. And all the goodness is there as well. "Atora" is genuine beef suet, with all its rich

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THE GOOD BEEF SUET



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 28, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB

### Helpful

The lawyer never lost an opportunity of lecturing his office boy. One day he overheard the lad talking with another boy.

"What does your boss pay you?" asked the other boy.

"Five hundred pounds a year," he replied. "But I get only £52 in cash; the rest is in legal advice."

### What Happened on Your Birthday

May 29. Dias, the navigator, died . . . 1500

30. Paul Rubens died . . . 1640

31. Walt Whitman born . . . 1819

June 1. Sir David Wilkie, Scottish painter, died . . . 1841

2. Thomas Hardy born . . . 1840

3. Samuel Plimsoll died . . . 1898

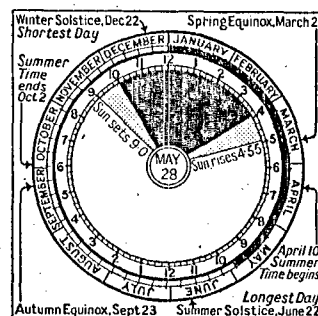
4. Archbishop Juxon died . . . 1663

### A Queer Word

WHAT is that from which you can take away the whole and yet some is left? The word wholesome.

### The C N Calendar

This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 28. The black section of the circle



under the months shows at a glance how much of the year has gone.

## WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE DOING?

### Numerous Money Awards For Girls and Boys

Two prizes of ten shillings and 25 half-crowns are waiting to be won by girls and boys of fifteen or under. Write on a postcard what you think the people in the picture are doing. All the correct answers are to be found in the list which follows:



Leading a dog. Playing French cricket. Presenting arms. Pumping a tyre. Riding a motor-cycle. Rolling the lawn. Rowing a boat. Polishing shoes. Shoeing a horse. Sleeping. Surf riding. Sweeping. Taking a photographic snapshot. Tug-of-war.

Prizes will be awarded to senders of the correct or nearest correct numbered lists, and in the event of ties they will go to those whose lists are best written, age being taken into consideration. Do not forget to write your name, address, and age on the postcard, and send it to C N Competition Number 54, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, June 2.

Only one attempt can be accepted from each reader, and the Editor's decision is final.

### Idi on Parle Français



Le couteau knife Le rosier rose-tree La corbeille basket

J'aide papa à tailler les rosiers. Il a un couteau tranchant, et c'est moi qui porte la corbeille.

I am helping Daddy to prune the rose-trees. He has a sharp knife, and I carry the basket.

### This Week in Nature

ONE of the striking moths now appearing on the wing is the Cinnabar. Its brilliant crimson lower wings, contrasting markedly with the olive-brown upper ones, make it very conspicuous. The cinnabar moth feeds on the

ragwort, and the caterpillar, which has an orange body bearing black rings, can be found on this plant.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Mars are in the west and Neptune is in the south.

In the morning Jupiter is in the south-east and Saturn in the east. The picture shows the moon at half-past nine on Wednesday evening, June 1.



### An Effective Trick

A SIMPLE but effective trick can be carried out in this way.

Place in a tumbler a lining of black silk or similar material, and let this come

nearly to the top of the glass. When the tumbler is filled with water it will look as if it contained ink.

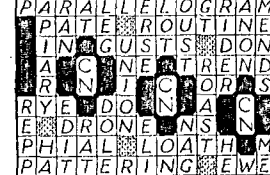
Put the tumbler on a table, cover it with a handkerchief, and announce that you are going to change the ink into water. All you have to do when you pull the handkerchief away is to make sure that you grip the silk as well!

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Stick Problem. One pound minus the weight of sawdust lost in cutting

A Curious Word. Heroine

The C N Cross Word Puzzle



## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MONA and Phil, who were recovering from colds, could hardly believe their ears when their father said: "It looks like being a sunny week-end; how about spending it by the sea?"

"Lovely!" they cried, and Phil, who was playing with the new terrier, asked: "We'll be able to take Jip, won't we, Daddy?"

Daddy shook his head. "Afraid not, son. We hadn't Jip last year, so we don't know whether Mrs Dawson likes dogs. I'll run to the Post Office and wire her that we will be there for lunch, while you and Mona polish up the car for me."

The children set to work.

"I do wish Jip could come," sighed the little girl. "He would love the sea as much as we do."

"I should think he would," agreed her brother.

An hour later they were off, Daddy and Mummy sitting in front, Mona and Phil behind.

"Just see how sad Jip looks," cried Mona, as she knelt up on the seat to look back at her pet, who was whining unhappily in the next-door lady's arms.

"They will take good care of him," comforted Mummy, who was hunting about her lap and the floor of the car. Then she added: "Oh dear!

I must have dropped one of my gloves in the garden."

They hadn't gone very far when Daddy stopped the car. He was having a little trouble with it. "I shan't be long," he promised the children. "In the meantime you can have a run on that lovely common."

It was fun playing hide-and-seek among the gorse bushes. If only Jip could have been with them!

Presently the car was ready, and they ran back.

Suddenly Phil shouted: "Look what's in the car!" and, taking Mona's hand, he hurried her along.

Sitting bolt upright in the back seat, breathless but very

## JIP SETTLES THE MATTER

proud, was Jip, with Mummy's lost glove held firmly in his mouth!

"Now," exclaimed Phil, "he'll have to come with us."

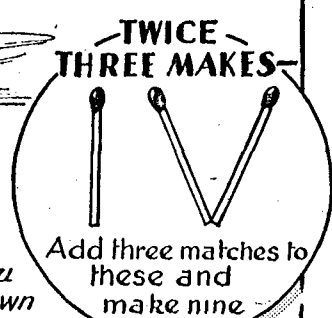
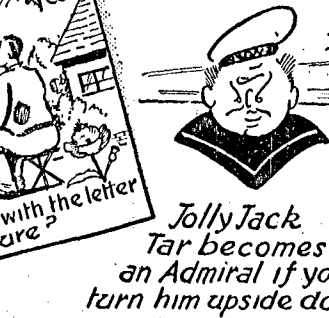
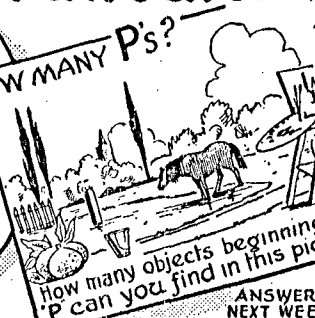
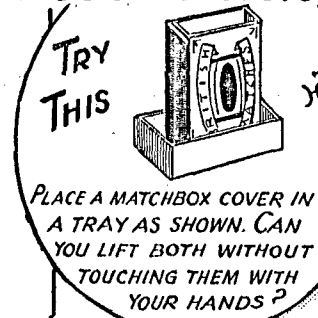
Daddy laughed. "There's no time to go back. We must take him with us and hope for the best."

A very anxious pair left Jip in the car and followed Daddy up the front steps of Mrs Dawson's boarding-house, later on, to inquire whether she liked dogs.

Mrs Dawson listened to the story of the missing glove, and smiled.

"Why, a clever little chap like that!" she said. "I should think I do."

## Peter Puck's Fun Fair



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